

THE  
DARK BLUE.

APRIL 1871.

'LOST': A ROMANCE.

BY JOHN C. FREUND, AUTHOR OF 'BY THE ROADSIDE.'

CHAPTER V.

LONDON.



THE first October morning rose over London and woke it from its slumbers. All that sea of life began to heave, all that collection of human power began to work, all that concentration of worldly interest began to stir. The sun shone upon it and looked on: it shone upon good and bad, on just and unjust; it shone over palaces and hovels, over churches and devils' dens: but above all it shone upon grand, upon writhing humanity; it gladdened it and saddened it—and it shone on all the same.

At ten o'clock on that first bright October morning Hermann Zollwitz stepped on the sunlit pavement before the hotel near Blackfriars Bridge and was dazzled: the sun, the noise, the strong stream of mankind dazzled him; he felt that for the first time in his existence he stood opposite the turmoil of life in its vast sense, though he knew not yet how he himself should have to grapple with it.

Zollwitz went forward to mix with the crowd and take his first stroll in London. Like all sensitive men and women he had good taste enough not to swerve from the mode of dress that has been laid down by universal usage as the one most agreeable to present ideas. Zollwitz never imagined for a moment that it would be 'the thing' to rove about London in his somewhat loose student's attire, but adapted himself at once to the more sober fashion of out-door English life, as far as his German wardrobe would allow him. Yet there was something about him that drew people's attention to him—a fact he scarcely noticed; there was his own handsome face and figure, his gait that had not yet lost the student's swagger, and that peculiar look of enquiry, perhaps the most noticeable thing about strangers in London—a look that said, 'I want to see and I want to know.'

People in London streets don't want to see and don't want to know—people in London streets want to move on. Zollwitz, having come to see, did stand still and look, and was surprised when he found himself suddenly at the top of Ludgate Hill, opposite St. Paul's, the centre of a small knot of admirers, who looked where he looked, staring with him up at St. Paul's, not to admire the beautiful edifice but impressed with the idea that, as that handsome young man did look so intently up there, perhaps something unusual would presently present itself on the top of the dome. Zollwitz became aware that others gazed up; he turned to his companions and found them staring at him; he became confused and they smiled; he moved on, and they, at last aware that nothing remarkable had issued from the building, moved on also. But as he bent his way towards the smart shops to the left, a slight, somewhat shabby looking man addressed him in German; Zollwitz, with the manner of a true gentleman, leant towards him.

'You are a stranger in London, are you not, sir, and a German? I beg your pardon for addressing you, but I should be very glad to be of service to you, if you desire a companion to show you about. I know London well.'

'Thank you; it is very good of you. It gives me courage to hear German. I speak English, but book English; those people stared at me as if I were a monster; what did I do wrong? I have never been in England, and I am unacquainted with English habits.'

'Oh, it was nothing, only people will stop to look where others look.'

'Are the English so curious?'

'No, I think they are not at all curious; curiosity not being innate in them, they follow the lead of others.'

Zollwitz had not what we call a sharp intellect, but he thought he could detect in that shabby looking man the metal of an honest one, and he politely assured him that he should be glad of his companionship.

The two turned to St. Paul's Cathedral and entered it. Both



stood under the dome, which, rising in exhaustless grandeur, ought to carry the soul up with it. But the soul that won't be carried up, that clings to the little arrangements, to the little corners down below—that soul need not have entered; for it the dome spans its glorious expanse in vain; for it Wren's brain thought, pondered, and imagined in vain—that soul *will* grovel and it *must*, counting its coins, of whatever worldly metal they may be, below; setting up its idol—whatever creature above and below the earth that idol may have been fashioned after—and worshipping it in foul gluttony. Of those two souls, which went up, which remained below? Zollwitz's intensest longing took wing at once, and soared up, up, up; gazing, realising, and transforming every fibrous emotion of his bodily heart into spiritual essence, forgetting all around him; feeling as if he could stretch out his arms in very response to the creative genius of the fellow-being that had raised up that temple to God's service. And the other soul? It looked up, it looked down, it could not rise, but it worshipped no idol below; that soul was stunned and it wandered, wandered in sad forgetfulness around and saw nothing but marble and stone and carved benches with cushions in one corner, and when it had seen them all, even then took not stock of them.

Neither spoke. Both went up to the top—Zollwitz imbued with an almost oppressive consciousness of human power, the other with all consciousness crushed out of him somehow. They arrived at the top and had London before them. *London!* the centre of the eyes of millions, the cynosure of the desires of more millions—there it lay, and even Zollwitz was satisfied. The grandeur of the spectacle represented to him all the grandeur he had ever heard of. What were the gardens of Babylon, the temples of the Greeks, the amphitheatres of the Romans, the golden cities of the East, the minarets of Byzantium, the warm tints of Naples, the gay streets of Paris, the delightful walks of Vienna, and a thousand sights as grand—what were they to that actual mass there below?—The present stole a march on the past, and Zollwitz felt he was but an infinitesimal particle of a grand finite representation of existence—an atom, a molecule rather, of that human conglomeration called London—old Lun-dun the metropolis of England.

With such overpowering ideas he turned and beheld his companion—pale, agitated, murmuring to himself—bending over ominously.

'For Heaven's sake don't throw yourself over!' Zollwitz exclaimed, while he held him by the coat. The other drew back, looked at Zollwitz, heaved a deep sigh, and gasped out 'Oh!' as if relieved from some impending evil. Zollwitz had become alarmed, and said quietly:

'I think we have been here long enough, let us go down. 'It is a grand sight to see this place at our feet, so far below us; it may well disturb one's equanimity—it has disturbed mine. Pray descend.'

And Zollwitz carefully allowed his companion to go down before him.

They passed out into the fresh air; Zollwitz still excited, the other subdued and nervous, but fully aware that he had some duty to perform. They walked up Cheapside—this odd pair—as far as the Mansion House, and here the shabby man stopped Zollwitz, explaining the various buildings and asking him to go into the Justice Room to see the Lord Mayor. His lordship had just arrived; Zollwitz looked at him and around him and could scarcely realise it all. Was it here, in this little place, that the representative of the City of London judged his fellow-creatures? The young German student scanned that unobtrusive, well-cut, quiet face; shrewd enough to detect a rogue, gentle enough to protect an innocent man, the mixture of that great English quality 'good sense;' that quality, which is always getting us into hot water with some one or other. It is our 'good sense' that is for ever shifting our opinions, and just lets us take one side or another as we perceive its justice. For it we are bullied right and left, and people say we have no convictions and only dance attendance on the profitable shilling. Johnny, Johnny, keep that 'good sense,' it is your most valuable quality, but rarify it with more general instruction and cultivation, and don't despise 'to want to know.'

If Zollwitz's big blue eyes could have eaten the Lord Mayor, they would: and in return for that earnest gaze his lordship certainly fixed an enquiring look on him; the admiration was mutual and only diverted by the appearance of two small culprits who had done something wrong to the business of a burly big butcher, their accuser. Two policemen flanked the accused, and a fiery mother was ready to fight the battle of her offspring. One boy remained stolid, the other whimpered; the accuser was forcible, the policemen quiet, pitying the boys; the mother became energetic; the whimpering boy blustered; his lordship saw it in a nutshell, held a reproving oration of a few sentences, and the boys were let off. With a humble curtsey to the Mayor the mother turned round the moment she was outside the door and abused the burly butcher in big round sentences.

Zollwitz enjoyed it all, enjoyed it to his heart's content; this was English, true English life, and better than the finest music to him. He wanted to speak to the shabby man, but when he looked at him he found him trembling and trying to get him away: 'Oh sir, do let us go, I can't bear to see that woman, she reminds me of some one.'

There stepped up before his lordship such a figure—such a figure! Where was Milton's description of Eve—where, where, where? we might ask wildly. Where is her sweet image gone? Drugged, dabbled, and soiled for some thousands of years have many of her daughters been. Let us draw a veil and help poor Zollwitz to get away, leaving that humane magistrate to treat her gently!



The shabby man relapsed into silence and Zollwitz had too much good feeling to refer to the scene. They went on to London Bridge—busy London Bridge. Here was life before the student; life here and there and everywhere, the atmosphere teemed with it, with coming and going, buying, selling, bargaining, and planning. Zollwitz leant against the parapet and watched them, almost forgetting his companion. When he had drunk in that scene of tumultuous occupation to his heart's content he looked for the shabby man and found him staring into the waters—staring as if he sought for some one there. Something began to creep over Zollwitz, some odd feeling as if things were not all right, as if his companion was a melancholy man, a man who had lost the string that attached him to actual life and could not find it again. Such a discovery had a bad impression upon the young German, who had never yet had to deal but with bright life, hope, ambition, and activity: it fell upon him like a crushing certainty, that such a thing as dull, hopeless despair existed.

'Come, sir,' Zollwitz exclaimed a little harshly, 'come, and let us get to the Tower.'

Brought out of his reverie the shabby man started and went on at a brisk pace. Was there still enough electrical matter left in that dried-up brain to be restored to life by some violent shock? Who knows how many such useless brains wander about in this beehive of life? Who cares?

They had been to the Tower and seen it all—those few meagre reminiscences of history. As for the jewels, Zollwitz scarcely looked at them: he wanted big, great things to which to attach himself, and these were so defined and circumscribed in reality, however great in positive value. Out they came—the two odd companions—ascending towards the Mint to go round by it to the Docks. Here they witnessed a scene; an Irishwoman, clean and comely, sat before her stall, and suddenly jumped up in a rage to cuff a young handsome Irish girl, who came running up to take her place.

'Ye dare stay thees 'oor, ye dare, and lave me alone here, ye beggarly bargan!'

Cuff, cuff, cuff round head and ears.

Zollwitz started and rushed at once to the rescue.

'How can you beat the girl, you bad woman?' he said, holding back her hand.

The hand was shaken off in an instant. 'Bad ooman! ye mane me genl'man; bad ooman ye sais—then look at yersel', yersel' for that, ye mane splutterin' rascal. Who are ye?' fired the irate one, with arms akimbo; 'who are ye? Let's have a look at ye; ye ain't English, case they wouldn't mind; ye ain't Irish, case you wouldn't harm a dacent countrywoman; ye ain't French, case ye ain't dandy enou'; ye are Jarmin, I got it, ye are Jarmin, with yer big eyes and yer bould face—that's what ye are. Get along, ye Jarmin varmint, get

along, ye sausage eater, get along! Didn't the praste say that Loother, the Jarmin 'retic, killed the Pope? Get along, and there, take that, ye Jarmin beggar!'

Up went the apples, bang! bang! after Zollwitz, who had listened in amazement, and turned at length from the infuriated virago, the last words ringing in his ears:

'Not bate my ane flesh and blood, ye Jarmin varmint, ye Jarmin beggar.'

The melancholy man had listened but not interfered, and Zollwitz thought it useless to say another word to him; but the scene had worked its way and left its mark.

Who could see the Docks and the ships without realising the undefined grandeur, wealth, and importance of England? There they lie, those silent witnesses of England's brave mission. Don't go pottering about to find them elsewhere, in the fine regiment of Guards, in those sumptuous western squares, in those scanty receptacles of art, starved by government generosity, even in that delightful park, the home of the aristocratic wealth of England—they are not there: in the Docks they are to be found. Five hundred years before Christ, Hamilkar, a sagacious Carthaginian, came here and saw them—those old brawny Britons—and said of them in the scanty extract left of his work, 'The Britons are numerous and proud and inclined to commerce.' And numerous and proud and inclined to commerce they still are, the brawny Britons. Though some Roman, Saxon, Northern, and Norman blood has mixed with theirs, they are still 'par excellence' the traders of the world, the only nation that takes up trade in a higher sense, the great, the magnanimous traders of the world. In this they are great.

To do Zollwitz justice, the moment he entered the Docks he felt he was on English ground, though his own character was not of the same bent; the cloud that had been settling on him became lightened—he understood the magnificent spectacle, and content with his day's work urged his companion to return to the hotel:

They passed along on a river steamer, and landed near Blackfriars.

'Will you not come in to dine with me?' said Zollwitz. 'You have been almost a silent companion, but you have guided me right all the same; I have had a glimpse of life. Come in and dine with me.'

The shabby man stared. 'No, thank you, the hotel people would wonder and call you eccentric to have such a guest in such clothes. You must not offend English taste. I will accept half a crown—not for myself, sir—not for myself—it is for some one else. Think of that woman, sir, think of her; she, the one I mean, is not like that, but she is *very* poor.'

'Who?'



'I cannot tell.'

'My dear sir, I don't know what to make of you, you have startled me. Do take this till to-morrow—mind, to-morrow morning at ten o'clock: and then tell me your story and let me help you.'

Zollwitz shook hands with the shabby man, pressed half a sovereign into his hand, and briskly entered the hotel.

Here he sat down to his dinner of sound English fare and enjoyed it thoroughly. While cogitating on the occurrences of the day, while reviewing those glimpses of London scenes, his mind became impressed with the hard necessities of life; this was not the sedate but pleasant existence at Torgau, nor the easy-going student's life at Halle, nor that of other German towns he had visited in his summer rambles; this, he felt, was that imperative condition which said, '*You must.*' Zollwitz was too direct in his reasoning to shout out at once that he had not yet found within twenty-four hours the bright outside which youthful ardent natures believe ought to accompany 'political liberty'—he had sufficient inborn sagacity to perceive that a greater problem was given in London streets than his soul could grasp at first. While reflecting whether he should go out again and see London at evening, his attention was suddenly drawn to a conversation between two gentlemen at the next table. Zollwitz had under Professor Holmann's instruction almost mastered the English language, the Professor being an enthusiastic admirer of its literature; and though certainly the young student spoke as yet a curious mixture of Shakespeareanisms, mild Dickensonian slang, and Bulwerian elegance of diction, still it was English, and enabled him to understand every conversation. His attention became more fixed the more he listened, his interest livelier as something new rose before him—'the abuse of his own country.'

'I tell you,' he heard, 'that I was positively kept twenty-four hours in that cursed little place; I tell you those Prussians are the most insufferable, self-conceited coxcombs in the world. If they are not taken down a peg or two, Heaven knows where it will end.'

'For myself,' the other chimed in, 'I cannot see why so much fuss is made about them; they are educated, drilled, and trained to measure; the only idea they have is that of their own self-importance, and I have sworn next time to go up the Rhine in my canoe rather than be bothered with those Prussian officials. They are machines, infernally tiresome machines! Waiter—the bill!'

Zollwitz's Prussian blood began to boil; it was with difficulty he restrained himself from rushing forward and demonstrating with philosophical and historical reasons, or if necessary physically, the greatness and high character of his own country—of which till now, he had somehow never been aware. Just as he rose and walked round, saying, 'Gentlemen,' the others moved forward, paid their bill, turned about and stared at the stranger, 'Suppose he's a Prussian by his

appearance, and heard us!' and taking no further notice, left the room with a bang.

Poor Zollwitz! he stood, mortified to the heart's core to be treated thus; he positively felt something moist in his eyes. It was a very different matter to run down your own country at home, with your fellow-students, deploring its want of freedom, to coming here and find this glorious idea of liberty realised, by hearing the Irish virago abuse 'Jarmins' in general, and the first educated people you met abuse 'Prussians' in particular. At that moment Zollwitz would have sworn by his flag, and marched like a stout recruit after the stiffest Prussian general to subdue his country's enemies, forgetting all about the *Pereat mundus Europaeus*. There was nothing for it but to cool down. However, his desire to roam about that evening was gone: he sat again at the window looking out on the Thames, dreaming away an hour in trying to straighten his impressions and give them some defined purpose.

Dreams, dreams, dreams surrounded him that night; helter skelter, up and down, weighing upon him like big, huge mountains of arms, legs, and hands, marked 'Jarmins and Prussians'—dragging him down, down to the bottom of the raging sea. Here Neptune with his trident rushed up, helped him to throw them off, and placed him upright in the ocean, free from that very heavy weight.

The bright morning sun shone into the room; Zollwitz jumped up and found he had shaken off the burden and was again a man fit to see and fit to judge.

It would be impossible to deny it, a slight shudder came over him as he thought, while dressing, that the shabby man would be there at his post. Should the day again begin with mysteries and end in annoyance? As Zollwitz went down to breakfast in the room below, the waiter handed him a note that had been brought by a shabby looking man—it was in German.

'Honoured Sir,—

'The writer is that person whom you allowed to accompany you yesterday and rewarded handsomely for his few hours' attendance. He promised to be at the hotel at ten o'clock; he will not come, with his shabby clothes, broken spirit and muddled brain—the worst companions in England. The writer once arrived at that hotel and went out into the world; see where his wanderings have led him—for two years into a madhouse. He left it burdened for ever with a desire for self-destruction, prevented yesterday by you, to be carried out some day at a moment's notice. And yet the writer has found greater desolation, greater misery than his own; found it and helped to relieve it, showing that even *he* is not useless! Something in your face, sir, seemed to bring out rational flashes from my poor brain; they are gone again—your face attracts me, but it makes me also resolve not to



burden you with such a miserable personality, not to oblige you to drag after you a shabby man! Thanks for your sympathy.

'Your obedient servant,

'M.'

Zollwitz read this note; he was relieved in one sense, troubled in another. The first feeling outweighed the second; youth helped to wear away the impression, and when he again stood on the sunlit pavement in front of the hotel he already began to feel at home and bounded forward into London life with a far keener zest than he had felt the previous day. He went westward, right and left he saw this great town, saw it in the October sun, in its mellow sheen, airing his sense of enjoyment at every point of interest, this enjoyment culminating into the highest enthusiasm when he stood before Westminster Abbey and walked inside its lofty aisles. Have you ever been carried away by the imperceptible consciousness of grandeur beyond your possible attainment, grandeur constructed by human hands and human brains—yes, brain like yours, hands like yours?—look at them. Those aisles have been constructed for us, to come here and find—what? Heavenly, human consolation—to take off that something so ugly, so black, so worldly in our being and purify it, but by one soft thought, one bright idea! How do men feel who preach under those aisles, preach there to multitudes? He who can do so with sweet Christian words must almost feel as holy, as grand a mission, as when the great Preacher on Mount Olivet met the impassioned, doubtful gaze of the thousands below him! How do those feel that are married there? Can they ever forget that look up the aisles? Perhaps. The aisles of life are so much nearer our own desires and wishes that we may be excused if we forget anything higher when within their precincts. And those who are buried there? Ah, close round them, ye memories, close round, ye memories of the efforts of men who worked in one way or another not for themselves but for the good of mankind! It might not do for you and me, but that work, that unselfish work, has been done all the same!

Zollwitz had revelled in something so beautiful that his heart was too full to take in any other impressions. He turned away from the Houses of Parliament and walked into St. James's Park, entering it by the gate near George Street. This green oasis in the desert of houses and streets struck him as extremely beautiful: this scene of enjoyment at mid-day proved a very different attraction from those exciting episodes the day before at the other end of the town. Leisurely he sauntered along to the water and threw a *coup d'œil* over the whole charming picture. The trees still leafy with the hardiest foliage, the thick bushes not yet bared, the bright greensward, the gambolling, healthy children and well looking promenaders, imbued Zollwitz with the first real sense of pleasure he had enjoyed since his arrival. He

stood still and held by the railings, every now and then casting back a glance of longing to the site of the Abbey, or another of curiosity to the Palace in the distance. At that moment he began to think the desire to see England a noble one, and he began to feel its realisation a supreme boon. His countenance reflected the harmonious ideas that passed through his mind—when surely—surely somebody struck him. A cold shudder passed through his frame. Who had come into contact with him to produce *such* a feeling? Every nerve in his body quivered, the whole electrical current of his nature seemed to have rushed to his heart—he shook like a leaf, and turned sharply round to meet his aggressor. No one was there. He looked, pale as death, to the right and saw no one but a poorly clad, tall woman pass quietly along with a desponding air in her walk, and a little yellow-haired girl of about eight years by her side—they could not have struck him. He turned the other way and almost imagined he caught sight of the peculiar slouching walk of his shabby companion of the previous day, but the figure disappeared at that moment in the curve, and he neither could have caused such a sensation. Zollwitz sat down; the gladness and joy had passed from his soul, and perhaps for the first time in his life he felt desponding. To give an account of himself would have been impossible. He was cold and shivered in the warm noonday sun. After a while he recovered a little and rose, but the enjoyment of the scene was gone; all the people seemed happier than he, and he appeared to stand alone on a solitary rock, where no human sympathy could reach him. Innate courage, however, conquered. Zollwitz strolled on past Buckingham Palace, through the Green Park into Hyde Park, somewhat like the opium eater who in waking from his delightful trance cannot yet grasp the sensations of positive, ugly reality. Visions of fine people, green trees, smart carriages passed him, but made no lasting impression on his mind. Zollwitz, as it were, staggered mentally home through Piccadilly and the Strand. Arrived at his hotel, he ordered dinner and drank deeper than he had ever done to drown that gnawing feeling of topsy-turvyness which something wrong in 'the state of Denmark' occasions in all of us, young and old, rich and poor.

Positively overcharged with mental and material impressions, he visited the Haymarket Theatre—understood nothing, shivered, yawned, and went home to bed. Zollwitz had seen the East and the West of London.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### GREEK VERSE IN EATON SQUARE.

THE carriage rolled from the door with her husband and eldest son in it; Mrs. Damer stood at the dining-room window waving a farewell to her boy, not that he could see it, but he knew his mother



was there. Mr. Damer and Edward were going to dine with Lord Howe and attend a political meeting after the dinner. A political meeting in November! Well, times were exciting, Ministerial interest precious, and political capital had to be made even in November fogs. Mrs. Damer went from the window and sat down by the embers of the fire, that had burnt low in the grate; she thought of many things—inner and outer things, high and low things, mostly—not things connected with herself, but connected with her husband and boys. Mrs. Damer was a true woman, a woman in the noblest sense of the word, a daughter of Eve, of whom the old mother would have been proud; and Mrs. Damer, with an intense air of lovely womanliness surrounding her, sat in her dining-room before the embers of the fire that had burnt low in the grate.

The embers disappeared and Mrs. Damer still sat looking into their black remains, thinking of many things—thinking of the life before her marriage and after her marriage, of the life before Mr. Damer entered the Cabinet and of the life since he entered the Cabinet—and surely Mrs. Damer sighed; the thought of her husband as Cabinet Minister did not seem to have raised her spirits. She felt the cold at last and got up, saying: 'Poor Harry, I nearly forgot him. Poor boy, he will be all alone in the library, and no one to help him.'

Mrs. Damer left the room, and went along the great vestibule of her fine house to the library. She entered softly and stepped on the thick Turkish carpet with noiseless step up to the table, where she saw her boy's head resting on his arm in troubled sleep. Gently she moved that arm a little and looked at the paper underneath it: it was a blotted, blotched scrawl of Greek letters, half washed out with tears: it was an attempt to translate

That very time I saw (but thou could'st not),  
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,  
Cupid all arm'd;

into Greek verse.

Mrs. Damer sat quietly down beside her boy, and waited till he should wake from those poetic visions that seemed to have troubled his brain so much. Patiently she sat for half an hour, never disturbing him. Suddenly the boy started up, calling out:

'There now, I have fallen asleep, and those horrid, horrid verses, how are they ever to get on their feet?'

Looking round, he saw his mother next to him, and threw his arms round her with all the impetuosity of fourteen.

'Dearest mamma, this is kind of you to come and help a poor plagued wretch like me. How I wish there never had been any Greeks! They must have been a bad set, to tease poor English boys like this, after they have all gone to dust themselves.'

'But, my dear Harry, if these verses are part of your lessons they must be done.'

'But why are they part of my lessons? I don't want them. Such things are very well for my brother Edward, who is studious and cultivated, and will be an intellectual swell one day; but I, I am neither the one, nor shall I be the other. I am a thorough Englishman, and like English verse and English life above all things, and what have I to do with those antique fools?'

Mrs. Damer evidently thought that reasoning would produce no good effect; so she coaxingly said: 'They were not fools, Harry, though you don't understand them; they were a fine race, a noble race. I cannot do your verses for you, because I do not know Greek, but I can tell you more about Greeks than you know. You must imagine those tall well-formed men, with quiet finely cut faces, moving about in antique dress among their rich groves and lovely scenery, under their blue sky, and gazing into the soft waters of their Mediterranean gulfs and seas. You must imagine the beautiful Greek women, with graceful outlines and dignified carriage. You must imagine both excited by the deepest and strongest human passions, and then, knowing some Greek grammar and some Greek words, you must try and give your thoughts the dress of their language.'

'Mamma, mamma, that is all very fine, but the thoughts and the words are English, and it is them I am to clothe in Greek verse. That dummy, my clever tutor, don't care for the spirit as you do: he wants the words, the unmeaning hollow words, and the right feet, and I can't find them. He will complain to papa, I shall get into a row, shall be told that I disgrace my name, shall get into a towering passion myself, and papa won't speak to me for a week. As it is, he does not care much for me ever since that horrid green box with the Cabinet despatches has come into the house; ever since that came there has been no peace. What is it all for? To serve one's country! For what? We are rich, and don't want the country's money. We were happy and jolly when I was much younger, and papa was happy with us. Ever since he became so clever and made those grand speeches, and became at last by a fluke Cabinet Minister—ever since have we been wretched. As for the time when Parliament sits, why the house is a perfect den of misery. Shouldn't I like to pitch that green box into the Thames! They might fish it up if they liked. There, I dread next session. I don't wonder poor old Guy Fawkes tried to blow up the whole concern, if it troubled him half as much as it does me. Oh dear, oh dear for the old times down in Suffolk! To think of the dear, jolly old place going half to wreck and ruin, because to be sure the Cabinet Minister is for ever wanted in town or somewhere else, and has the country's burdens to bear! Bother the country! why doesn't it take care of itself? Who thanks us for our trouble, sticking in town in November? All we get for it is that they abuse us and think papa ought to do this and to do that, and that he is not the right man in the right place. And as for you, mamma,' said Harry, turning round upon her,



‘I don’t know you. You dress smarter, but not so nice; you read and write with papa when you ought to be looking after me, and not have given me that cross-grained tutor; and you are getting quite old, I won’t say ugly; there, you are getting wrinkles, and I swear here is a gray hair. Do let me take it out!’

Harry did take it out, and his mamma said: ‘Don’t swear, Harry, and give me the first gray hair; and there is a good boy, and try and manage the Greek verse somehow.’

‘I’ve got it! I’ve got it!’ shouted Harry. ‘I’ll think of cousin Ethel, sweet Ethel, and of her bright eyes and jolly round face and her lithe step, and the Greek verse will get on their feet. There now, you just stop there, that I may feel you are near me, and then with my thoughts on cousin Ethel I shall do it. Hup la! here they are:

Εἶδον τότε ἑγὼ σοῖς ὀφθαλμοῖς  
ἅπερ οὐκ ἐξῆν · πτερύγων ῥιπαῖς  
ὁδὸν αἰθερίαν ψυχρᾶς μένης  
γαίας τε μέσσην υἱὸς ἔτεμνε  
Κύπριδος.

‘Only four. Well that will do; old crusty dare not say anything now; four are something. I’ll do no more; there is no use in them—not for me anyhow. What Greek boy would have done English verse? Catch him! And now, mamma, come along; let’s go into the drawing-room, and you shall play and sing with me, and read me some beautiful English book, or, better than all, tell me some tale. Now do, do, mamma, and I won’t cheek the reverend tyrant once to-morrow.’

‘Harry, Harry, I will do as you wish, but you must never again speak of Mr. Ward like that; he is a very estimable man.’

‘Very estimable? Very estimable! pray, who gets me into all the rows with papa? Only he. But Edward told me that some big old bishop is going to give him a living. Don’t I wish he may get it! Perhaps I might then get a chance of having a decent piece of humanity as my tutor!’

‘Harry, Harry, you must not run on so fast; you always make people think worse of you than you deserve. Your want of reverence pains me, and you must speak respectfully of men who have gained their position by much harder work than you will ever do.’

‘I dare say; but, dearest mamma, is it the right work? What is the use of cramming yourself with old stuff, and then wanting to cram it into others? Why can’t the Reverend Mr. Ward see that if it has made him a good man it won’t make me one, and that when he and papa call me hard names they are going the right way to ruin my temper? Every bit of pluck would be driven out of me if I hadn’t such a precious lot of it that I turn restive every now and then like a high-spirited colt. There now, mamma, you smile, and you look quite pretty again; now do come along. While papa is devoting himself to the interests of the country, and my clever brother is being trained

early in the political way he should go, we two will revel in something human, like a couple of downright good fellows. Come along to the drawing-room !'

And Harry put his arm into his mother's and led her off triumphantly.

It was not Beethoven's, Mozart's, or Handel's classical music which mother and son performed ; pretty, light, cheerful songs in a fresh boy's voice resounded through the sumptuous drawing-room—cheery songs, in which every now and then the mother's mellow voice joined. Mrs. Damer had taught Harry these songs ; they always softened his roughest moods. A carriage drove up to the door ; a break in the music let them hear a light step on the stairs ; the door opened, and with the spring of a pythian dancer a young girl stood before them.

'Mother, mother, it is Ethel—dear cousin Ethel ! I shall die with delight, I shall !'

Harry rushed up and unceremoniously hugged and kissed his cousin.

'There, there, that will do, Master Harry,' said the blushing girl. 'There, you are getting such a big boy that it really won't do any longer.'

'Pray, Ethel, what won't do any longer?' demanded the boy fiercely.

'Why, all this, this ——'

'Kissing, you mean, cousin Ethel. But it shall do, it shall do ; and I can tell you I should never like to catch anyone else kissing you.'

'Surely I may kiss your mamma ? Come, let me go.' The boy released his cousin, and led her up to Mrs. Damer.

Ethel embraced her aunt tenderly, and knelt down, folding both her arms around her.

'Aunt dear, best of friends, do you think, if ever I wanted it, you would take me in, and let me live with you ?'

'What has happened, my darling ?'

'Nothing has happened, dearest aunt. You know I left school a year ago, and have since lived with our uncle, my guardian, at Healmehurst. It was all very well in the country ; he did not want me much, and I did not want him much ; but this morning a sudden freak brought us to town, and I really cannot live here with him in a narrow circle—aunt dear, I don't want to say anything against him—but I cannot. My brother George is coming up from Oxford next month ; let him live with our uncle, I cannot ; and really I don't think I can live with my brother.'

'All right, Ethel,' called out Harry ; 'how could you ? Gold and dross don't go together. Why, your brother is a swell, an Oxford swell, and I hate all swells of whatever kind ; I hate them all, the whole genus. The political swell, the intellectual swell, the University swell, the society swell, they are all an abomination in my eyes. They all set up for something better than their neighbours, and I don't ; I go



in for good downright mediocrity, and I pride myself I succeed pretty well.'

'Harry, Harry, running on again,' said his mother.

'Yes, running on again. Look at me; am I not in danger of being utterly subdued by swellism? Because I won't be made a classical swell, I am an incorrigible rascal, so says my tutor, and my father believes him. And as for papa, ever since he turned out a political swell we have been miserable. Don't I wish the Tories may get in before next session is over! Surely papa never would turn renegade and leave his party, and then there would be some hope of his being free and remembering that he has a wife and children. I beg your pardon, mamma, I didn't mean anything; you must not mind what I say. I dare say papa loves *you* all the same, if he does not love *me*. Cousin Ethel, I'll answer for it, we'll take you in, won't we, mother dear? It will be the happiest day of *my* life when you come with all your goods and chattels!'

Mrs. Damer kissed Ethel. 'This is your answer,' she said, and all three sat round the bright fire.

Time passed for a happy half-hour or so. Harry became silent; all at once he started up; the big tears stood in his eyes.

'This is too much happiness,' he exclaimed, 'after being bullied all day, to have you both here. Don't let me lose you. Ethel, I am not sure of you; but I'll be revenged if ever you play me false. Never mind my being a boy; you sha'n't play me false. And mamma, dearest mamma, don't ever give me up. You'll want such a lot of patience, I know. No one will ever have it but you. Don't despair; I'll make a man yet, though it will be in my own way.' Kissing both, Harry added: 'I don't know what's the matter, but my heart is full to-night, after those horrid Greek verses. Good night, good night; I am off to bed. Mind you come soon, Cousin Ethel.'

## —CHAPTER VII.

### SERGEANT CHRISTIAN IN LODGINGS.

A TALL stiff figure walked up Holborn one evening in that month of October, when Zollwitz saw London for the first time. The tall figure had on a dark old military cloak, and carried an old-fashioned portmanteau. The figure never swerved; it went straight on, avoiding passers-by in a peculiarly adroit way. Here and there somebody looked after it, saying, 'Roosian or Proosian, or something like that.' The figure turned into a side nook, and there, in one of those paved quiet corners, with a London tree overshadowing it, the figure stood still before a modest house and knocked two heavy knocks at the door. A shuffling was heard inside, after a while the door

was opened cautiously, and a girl of about fourteen put her head out.

'Who is it? what do you want?'

The figure quietly pushed the door open, marched in, shut the door again, and stood still on the mat. The girl screamed, put down the tallow candle, and rushed down the kitchen stairs.

'Oh! Missis, Missis, do come up! There's the tallest man I ever saw, as has marched into the house, as if it belonged to him! Whatever shall we do?'

Missis came up, and, being a brave woman, walked towards the figure; she took the light and held it against the figure's face. The old military cloak never stirred, and the figure stood impassive and still. Missis stared and stared again; at last Missis called out:

'Lauks a mercy! why it's—it's Mr. Christian! And all these years never to have heard of him, never seen him, and he to be still alive. How are you, dear, dear Mr. Christian?'

The figure shook a little, perhaps it felt some pleasure that it was remembered still; it took the brave woman's hand, and it actually pressed a respectful kiss upon it.

'Don't do that, don't do that, Mr. Christian; I'm but a poor woman. There now, I'll kiss yours,' and the hard hand of the old sergeant was patted and kissed by the good old soul.

'Now come along, come along downstairs, and I'll tell you all the news. Pity George is not at home; but then he never is this time o' night. Who would have thought it?'

Scuttle, scuttle, went somebody's feet down the stairs. The girl, anxious to know all about it, had been looking round the kitchen banisters.

'Make up the fire, Jemimer, for our best friend, who helped us once when we was in great trouble, and wouldn't take no thanks. There, there, now do make yourself comfortable.'

The tall figure seemed to be quite at home; in a twinkling it had stowed away portmanteau and cloak, had put on the kettle, fetched out a cup and saucer, a plate, knife and fork, and having brought a piece of ham out of its pocket, put it in the frying-pan on the fire. The girl exclaimed: 'Well I never! He seems to know all about the place!'

Missis never stirred, she seemed to be used to the figure's ways, and chatted glibly on, as if determined to let it know all the family circumstances at once. Tea was ready, tea was over; still Missis chatted on, and still the figure listened respectfully, without saying a word, nodding now and then with grave attention.

'Ah, Mr. Christian, you should ha' been here when they was all married—all the three girls in one day; and well settled they are, I can tell you, and all have little ones, and they are our delight. And George—why you know George's ways. They are a little worse, just a



little. Two years ago he broke his arm, and gave up reg'lar work, and now he helps our Bill, that's our son-in-law, and does just as he likes, and I am afraid he drinks just a little more, just a little, and gets into arguments when he does. But then I don't mind it if he wouldn't fight his shadder, and frighten me and Jemimer—that's the girl that helps me. And it is the lodgers that spoils George; they says he is a ch'racter and worth preserving, and they takes too much notice of him. It is forty years now since we was married, and George does worry me sometimes; but then I bear it, Mr. Christian, I do, and I thinks it might have been worse, and what am I to grumble against the Lord's ways, and then I get resigned like, and bear it—if George wouldn't fight his shadder.'

The tea had been cleared away, Jemima looking on quite helpless with wonder at the figure's proceedings. Missis was just beginning a new 'tirade' when a noise startled them.

'It is only George come home, Mr. Christian; don't mind, don't mind; he'll be struck, won't he, poor dear George.'

George had let himself in with the key, and came tumbling down, grumbling all the time.

'It's wrong on all points, on all points—it's wrong on all points. Missis, I've had nothin' to eat all day, nothin' all day, not a morsel.'

'Why, George, what are ye talking about? Ye had a good breakfast, somethin' at eleven o'clock, a plateful for dinner, a smartish tea, and now you's come for supper. But, George, George, hold up, man, and see who sits there.'

'There? where? Somebody in my kitchen? Who is it? Why, it is Mr.—Mr.—Mr.—what was it? Bless my soul, it is Mr. Christian! Let's shake hands, Mr. Christian. Where have ye come from? From Roosha or Proosha, or them places? Mr. Christian, I am your obedient servant.'

And Christian was just in time to catch George up and place him in safety on a chair.

'So you've come again, Mr. Christian. Let 'em all come, let 'em come, the Rooshans and Prooshans and French, let 'em come. I am John Blunt, John Bull. I'll fight them, I will, and I'll tell 'em they can't beat John Bull, they can't. Nelson and Charley Napier knows that. Ah! and who's Blucher? who is he? Nobody at all. It's Wellington who's the great man, that's it!'

At the name of Blucher Christian had pricked up his ears; he stared at the little man and frowned.

Missis came to the rescue; 'Don't mind, Mr. Christian, don't mind; you knows George's ways; he's a little worse since he's gone to the discussion society; he always talks argument and politicians when he's had a drop; so don't mind him.'

The little man rose as well as he could. 'It's wrong on all points, it is, and I says I am John Bull. Let them come, come—come—'

The head fell heavily on the table, and George was off in the land of dreams.

'Poor George! poor George!' said Missis. 'Now, Mr. Christian, I'll show you the old room.' How it was done no one could have said, but certainly Christian seemed to understand Missis without knowing a word of English.

Next morning Missis came down to the kitchen; Jemima only came occasionally. There was but one lodger to attend to, and he did not have breakfast till late; so Missis took it easy. Missus *was* surprised; the kitchen fire was lit, the kettle boiling, the place swept, the table laid, a rasher of bacon cooked, and Christian, as clean as a new pin, sitting by the fire.

'Ah, this is like old times, Mr. Christian; here is poor George just tumbling out of bed.'

Poor dear George followed this speech quickly in tottering down the kitchen stairs.

The incongruous trio—Sergeant Christian, the Missis, and George—sat down to breakfast.

'Ah! George,' said the Missis, 'look at yourself; and then look at Mr. Christian. He has cleaned the lodger's boots, his boots, and your boots—three pairs; and you grumble at one. He has got the breakfast ready and looks as neat as a new pin, and there now you are as untidy as can be. I shall have to mend and make before I can send you out decent this morning, and decent you must be to go and pay the water-rate which is in arrear; and this is the last day it must be paid. Oh, George, George, what wouldn't I give if you were a bit like Mr. Christian! Look at your westkit buttons; they are half off.'

'Mr. Christian,' said George over his cup of tea, 'Mr. Christian is a military, and belongs to a despotism nation, and I belongs to a free nation. Don't make no oration over it, don't. If I choose to go without any buttons, who is to say I sha'n't? I am a John Blunt, a John Bull. What is a military without the buttons? Nothin' at all. What am I without the buttons? John Bull still—a free liberty nation.'

'And look, George,' said the Missis, 'how Mr. Christian has got the breakfast, and done my work and Jemimer's. You'll never do anything.'

'No. Why? It's only spiling the women kind. What are they there for?'

'Well, George, you are half muddled now, and you'll go out and get muddled still; but I trust you with the money, I do. Mr. Christian, he never loses a farthin' of mine; he pays it correct as may be, and if I sends him out for money he brings it home all right, may he be never so 'toxicated. The receipts are in odd corners sometimes, but he has got 'em, he has. He never spends that; he only spends what he gets from Bill, our son-in-law, he does.'



'And ain't I John Blunt, John Bull for that? Can't you trust John Bull?' answered George.

'Yes, I can trust you; but then you never looks after anything. The first-floor winders ought to be cleaned, and the ceilings to be seen to in the other place, but you won't do it.'

'How can I? Ain't I always on business?'

'Oh, George, George, you wastes a deal of time. You see, Mr. Christian, I have quite spoilt him. He never troubles about anything, he does. What with the lodgers here, and the little place I bought with my own earnin's in the buildin' society years ago, I makes two ends meet, and poor dear George has never known the cares of a family. He has never had to pervide for the rent or the taxes or such like. Ah! George, Mr. Christian would do it, I know he would.'

'Mr. Christian belongs to a despotism nation, he does, and he *must* do it, but I *mustn't*; and I'll take him to the discussion society next time if he stops, and he'll hear all about it, and he'll know the difference between a liberty nation and a despotism one.'

Breakfast was finished, Sergeant Christian rose, cleared away in a twinkling, and got ready to go out. He stalked up to the Missis, held up seven of his fingers, and said 'Sieben' in German. The Missis understood it meant seven and said:

'All right; you'll be back by seven o'clock.'

Sergeant Christian went out straight and prim, and Sergeant Christian came back straight and prim. Day after day he went, never coming back without something as a present to the Missis for tea and breakfast, and even one day bringing a dainty paper bag with a new cap, of which the Missis stood in mighty need.

'Why, there now,' said the Missis to George, 'there now; you wouldn't do such a thing. Why, it's a savin' to have Mr. Christian for nothin', suppose he came on such terms. He does the work in the mornin', and he does it at night, and he brings home enough, that I havn't bought a bit of dinner yet all the time; and then he even brings me a cap. George, you haven't done such a thing all the time we's been married.'

'How should I? Don't I say Mr. Christian *must*, and I *mustn't*.'

'No, George, he *mustn't*, only he does it.'

'It's all the same, it is,' said George.

A week had passed, a fortnight had passed, and Sergeant Christian still went out in the morning and came back at night. By the end of that time he wrote a letter, and put it in one of the envelopes, ready directed by Professor Holmann:

'To Professor Holmann.

'Beg to report: nothing, nothing at all.

'SERGEANT CHRISTIAN.'

That was all the letter contained. Sergeant Christian went on the

same, out every day, never wavering for rain or fog or miserable weather. People looked after him, not he after them, and the Missis and George did not belong to the inquisitive kind: they were both true John Bulls, trusty and faithful. Sergeant Christian did look dull sometimes, in the evening late, over the fire; but the Missis chatted on, ever imagining that Mr. Christian knew all about it.

One day, a dull November day, it had got late, and Mr. Christian had not come back. It struck ten, and still Mr. Christian had not come back. Suddenly the door opened, and a heavy uncertain step was heard in the passage.

'Surely,' said the Missis, who was sitting alone in the kitchen—'surely Mr. Christian is not tipsy?'

Down came Christian, with the same heavy step: he entered the kitchen, swaying backward and forward, with some great sorrow, some great emotion.

'What is the matter, Mr. Christian? what is the matter?' said the Missis anxiously.

Christian fell down on a chair, put both his arms on the table, held his head between his hands, and sobbed—great, big Prussian sergeant that he was—like a broken-hearted child.

'Oh, don't, don't,' said the Missis, going up to him and patting his head. 'Oh don't. There, what shall I do? George is quite gone with drink and a-bed; Jemimer can't come, as she has got the mumps; the lodger is cross-grained and wants oyster supper; and you, dear Mr. Christian, are a-broken-hearted! What shall I do?'

It *was* a sorrow, and next day another letter went addressed to Professor Holmann:

'To Professor Holmann.

'Beg to report: seen nothing of Mr. Hermann, but have seen a shadow—such a shadow! God help us! Shall report again.

'SERGEANT CHRISTIAN.'

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE OLD ATTACHÉ.

ORGANISATION! What a mighty word, what a powerful engine of human endeavours, what a test of the ingenuity of mankind! Wherever organisation exists, success must be its consequence. Organisation is the equable adjustment of forces in their relation to each other, and this equable adjustment produces the result of combined correlative action in one huge positive realisation. Such a realisation of organisation lay before Zollwitz in the early part of November—it was an English newspaper. Organisation is as yet too little understood and often



called ugly, bad names, because people think it to be subversive of stout individualism. Organisation is the very soul of power in action—of fruitful result in action. Organisation is needed in the household of the poorest man and in the management of the highest State department. Organisation is exemplified in the construction of the tiniest insect and in the movements of the vastest heavenly constellations.

Zollwitz had a high respect for the organisation that produced an English newspaper—he sat before the latter now with peculiar feelings—the journey from Germany and thirty-five days' stay in London had exhausted his stock of money. Zollwitz and necessity had sat facing each other at meals, had slept, dressed, and walked together for the last week.

Five pounds were left, a mighty sum in London in an expensive hotel. And Zollwitz had been sparing, not extravagant. What now? Hands or brains must produce something for which money, the great medium of the worth of human exertions, would be paid. Hands were out of the question—brains must come to the rescue—how? To look at those columns of wants to be satisfied by the employer or employed, there seemed enough opportunity for one man surely! And that man had tried his best to understand English life and English wants and English requirements, and had spent five weeks in wandering and seeing and admiring and condemning, according as his own taste or knowledge had been affected.

Zollwitz looked at those columns, read them, and shook his head. That would not do; there was nothing for him there, he thought. The only thing he could undertake was a tutorship—a tutorship was not to be found. How was he to get one? for he was determined to remain in England by his own exertions, and study the people and its ways. He had just learnt enough to perceive the riddle and he wanted to solve it. Enthusiasm, wild enthusiasm, had given way to curiosity and a burning desire to decipher English political life!

Zollwitz thought again. Something occurred to him: there had been a very old friend of Professor Holmann's in England for years, the former attaché of some embassy; Zollwitz knew that he was married to an English lady of fortune, had retired from active diplomatic duties, and was living in London. It was easy to find in the 'Court Directory' the address of Monsieur d'Alvensleben, and as to think was with Zollwitz to act, he determined at once to call on him that morning and ask his advice. Ah! Zollwitz had already with the right instinct of self-preservation found out that liberty would not do without friends.

To Knightsbridge Zollwitz went; a fine house was before him and a fine servant opened him the door. He gave his card and waited; there was a slight supercilious look on the part of the fine servant and Zollwitz was asked to wait in the hall. He bore it, though it chafed him somewhat. Did you ever hear of the fall of a diplomatic bomb? Such a bomb fell when the news came to the diplomatic

meeting in Vienna that Buonaparte had returned from Elba; it is said they laughed incredulously, those wise men. Such a bomb must have fallen upon Benedetti when Bismark published the draft of the secret treaty. Such a bomb lay in the pocket of the Russian ambassador before last Lord Mayor's day, and did not explode. Such a bomb fell upon Monsieur d'Alvensleben when the servant presented him the card of Hermann Zollwitz in the snug study of the old diplomatist. He turned very white, and anxiously asked:

'Is the gentleman young?'

'The person is young.'

'He is a gentleman, Jones; show him in.'

Zollwitz entered the sacred precincts and bowed. The diplomatist was ill at ease, but too well bred not to be courteous.

'Your name, sir, has taken me a little by surprise; pray explain the reason why I am honoured by a visit from you.'

In plain straightforward terms Zollwitz explained the reason of his visit, referred to Professor Holmann, and stated the cause why he had left home and wished to remain in England.

'Hem,' answered the diplomatist, 'you will find it difficult, sir; you are very young, enthusiastic, and all that—you are better at home. Let me write to the Professor for you. Do return!'

'No, no, no, sir, I cannot and will not. A formed plan with me is a plan; if you can, help me, as a pupil of Professor Holmann's.'

'But England will never suit your ideas, you will get into trouble; till now you have only roamed about at your own will. When you come into contact with society you will fail. It is strange that English political liberty has produced so much social conservatism or rather despotism.'

'If this be a peculiarity, I shall try and get at the reasons for its existence; reasons there must be. I am prepared—I'll try, even if I should fail. To hear but once your great men speak in Parliament will make me happy.'

'Very well, very well; I have myself become English—but your name brings back many, many recollections. Let me see: what can I do, where can I speak of you? You know a tutorship is a delicate affair; I suppose as a pupil of Professor Holmann's I must presume you are up in all necessary requirements.'

'I think I am.'

'Very well, very well,' hesitated the diplomatist. 'Ah, I remember; last night I dined out and some one of high standing begged me to let him know if I heard of a first-class German tutor; he was afraid he should lose his present one. Let me see, I'll think of it, I really must; I'll let you know, Mr.—Mr. Zollwitz. It seems so strange to pronounce that name again. It brings back so many things. I should be glad to ask you to dine with me, Mr.—Mr. Zollwitz, but



really, really my wife is in the country. Good morning, good morning. I'll write, I'll write—to-night. Pray what address?'

Zollwitz gave his address. 'Not the best place, not good enough. However, it will not matter; my recommendation will be sufficient. Good morning, good morning, Mr.—Mr. Zollwitz,' and the diplomatist bowed his visitor out, evidently afraid the shell might explode in his room.

When the door was closed d'Alvensleben sunk into a chair. 'Who would have thought it—*his* son!'

Zollwitz walked home, that visit wanted the influence of the fresh air! His head was swimming, and as he neared Hyde Park Corner he really thought he saw in the distance a figure no one could mistake, Sergeant Christian. Was it possible? He rushed forward—the figure disappeared further up, and was gone, as if by magic.

The visit, the figure, combined to rack Zollwitz's head—he was glad to get to the hotel and remain quiet, turning over in his mind, whether that hesitating diplomatist would do anything for him; if not, what then? Go on again, said manly courage—and go on again he would. The idea rendered him cheerful and sent sinister thoughts to Hades.

In the evening came a letter, the first Zollwitz had had in England, there having been no correspondence with home. D'Alvensleben told him in very cautious terms that he had recommended him to a cabinet minister; that he paid him, Zollwitz, a high compliment by having taken that responsibility; that he had personally written to the great man, and enclosed a note to be presented by Zollwitz himself the next morning. The letter was addressed—The Right Hon. F. W. Damer, M.P., 35 Eaton Square.

[*To be continued.*]



## PROPHETS AND POETS.

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WE may remember, most of us, a short poem of Mrs. Browning's, called 'A Musical Instrument,' which tells of how the great god Pan sat above the river-reeds; and how he plucked up one of them, away from amongst its fellows; how he cut it short, notched it with musical holes; and then how his breath, which he breathed into it, turned to bewildering melody:—Then, too, how he laughed with cruel joy, like a half-beast, at the marvellous music—at his own craft; as the delight of the sound made the sinking sun pause to listen; but how the true-hearted gods sighed through it all, for the cost and for the pain—for the reed's heart gone; and the reed no more with its brothers in the stream-water.

There is plenty of poetry that treats of poets; and nearly all of it is weak and worthless; but to such a rule this poem is a strange exception; singularly lovely—sublime almost as a lyric; and holding, too, a truth, without the full knowledge of which, our whole conception of poetry must be diseased, and one-sided. It will therefore be no lost time to call attention to just its last stanza; since not only is its meaning one of great importance; but by most readers of poetry, and nearly all modern writers of it, forgotten, or never recognised.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,  
To laugh as he sits by the river,  
Making a poet out of a man.  
The true gods sigh for the cost and the pain,  
And the reed that grows never more again,  
As a reed, with the reeds in the river.

What sort of cost and pain this is, and who those poets are that are called to bear it, is what we would here consider; together with certain other points to which we shall be led naturally. The average verse-reading public—those who are commonly said to be fond of poetry—will no doubt admit that Mrs. Browning's lines are true, and very beautiful. With such readers any lamentation over the sorrows of poets is usually popular. They knew quite well—some perhaps will tell us, from their own experience—that a poet's fate is a sad one; that he has to endure somehow a great deal of cost and pain, and is somehow severed



bitterly from fellowship with other men. Whence these notions arise, and how entirely wrong is their tendency, a little consideration will enable us to see. For, what is the popular, the proverbial, the vulgar idea of a poet? Is it not a solitary creature, who seems quite different from common men? dowered with an intensity of feeling—a fire of passion—a divine madness? His haunt is on the mountain, or the lonely shore; though sometimes his indignant soul, under a cruel fate, may moan to the moon through a broken garret window. He moves about abstracted—rapt into high communion with things of sublimity and beauty. Liberty, love, courage—these are the ideas that find an echo in his soul; or else, perhaps, a terrible sardonic gloom may be flung over him—excess of glory obscured. At any rate in his love or his bitterness he is ever great; there is nothing that is mean about him, or contemptible. The inspired excitement of his life may goad him at seasons into vicious excess; but even here his failings lean to the side of the noble and the romantic. His hair is of an uncommon colour, and never cut. His eyes are piercingly luminous; and seem as though they were always gazing on some glorious vision. There is a depth of intellect in his blue-veined brow; his shirt-collar opens low, and shows something of the bosom that Phœbus shakes with his inspiration. Altogether his whole habits and appearance are such as could be set forth only by Mr. Robert Buchanan, or the author of ‘The Life-drama.’ And allowing for the inevitable falseness of all popular conceptions, there is a class of poets that justifies, in a certain degree, such a conception as this; one class—a part, and not the whole; but which is however taken for the whole by that large majority who feel more keenly than they discriminate. In other words, what is generally called poetry, is merely lyrical poetry; poetry, not of necessity subjective, but at all events the outpouring or the expression of the writer’s own personality; either by dealing directly with his own thoughts and actions, or by the view which he takes of the thoughts and the actions of others. Ask, then, any average verse-reader, with reference to the passage we have quoted, what the cost and the pain is, that the true gods sigh for. And the answer is pretty sure to mention or be suggested by the ‘Titan agony’ of Byron—the death of ‘the boy Chatterton,’ or the ‘passionate, world-worn heart of Shelley’—the *Cor cordium*; or some other sorrow or tragedy of a similar kind. Many men never dream that the true gods may hardly think it worth their while to sigh for such things; but may reserve their mourning for a loss and a sorrow that is far greater, and goes far deeper into a man’s self than any of the griefs that Byron nursed and paraded, and Chatterton too young died of; a loss which not only these men, as a fact, did not suffer; but which the very cause of their greatness prevented the possibility of their suffering; the loss of a something the possession of which was these men’s chief strength and comfort; and which is the sacrifice demanded of quite another family of poets: those whose greatness lies in what many fail

to see is poetry at all—not lyric art, but dramatic. By far the larger number of Shakespeare's readers imagine that his claims to a poet's place rest on a multitude of isolated passages, of the kind Shelley alludes to as 'mere poetry;' and which was the very thing from which Shelley himself, when aiming at a real drama, strove to abstain—sentiment, imagery, and description; such as men love to bind in bundles, and call 'the beauties of Shakespeare.' The beauty and the music of true dramatic art altogether escape them. And hence come those hackneyed, misapplied phrases we hear so much of, such as the poet's 'fine madness,' or 'his message to the world;' hence such familiar fragments of wisdom, so dear to reviewers, as that the poet comes from God or the Devil to teach us something—something that no one but he could teach us—that the true poet is in very truth a prophet.

In old times and in other tongues these words prophet and poet were once synonymous; for in spite of a few exceptions, such as Homer, to the larger part of ancient singers the word 'vates' was quite as fitting as 'poeta.' The poetry of paganism was lyrical. The very drama, even, was not of old a drama as we understand the word. It partook largely, indeed, of the dramatic—for the two qualities of poetry may, it would seem, be blent in any proportions, under certain circumstances—but its essence, its dominant tone was lyrical—was prophetic. *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*, though they never spoke in their own persons, had each his message to his hearers, as much as *Sappho* or *Anacreon*; and they each—the individual men—spoke, prophesied through all their dramas. They were demi-natured—lyrist and dramatist; but the dramatic nature was weakest, or most repressed, and was governed by the lyric. For the ancients, then, to speak of their poets as prophets—to take lyric poetry for poetry altogether, was right and excusable enough; but for us, whose range of art is immeasurably wider, it is excusable only in weak women and womanish men, who can digest no food more advanced than sentimental description, and emotion set to music. Let us briefly now compare and contrast the two chief classes of poets; that we may see what the work of each is, and the character of each worker. We shall so come to understand how the dramatist has to suffer the loss of so much; the lyrist of little, or of nothing; and how he that loses much himself, is compensated by the infinitely larger value he gains for his labours.

The main difference between the two types of poet may be simply told. The lyrist is internal to his work, the dramatist external. Of the personal presence of the former we are always conscious; of the presence of the latter never. Did we forget that we were listening to the voice of some certain man, the whole power of the former would disappear; were the work of the latter spontaneous, and connected with the name of no creator, its beauty and its worth would be still the same. Most poets begin as lyrists, for the lyrist's artistic position is the simplest and most natural one. He is himself stirred by some actual or imaginative emotion



or belief; and by the means of metre and language, he displays his own inner self to the world—what he loves, or hates, or longs for. How things are seen by him—how to him a story presents itself—what side he has sympathy for—how he has loved and lived, and how his mind and opinions have grown—what to him God and nature mean—and what the path is which he would have us tread; these are the things which he calls on us to listen to. And however old his subject be—be it liberty or war, or even love and the moon, those two things through all ages so unceasingly besung, the character of each genuine lyrical singer will show itself single, and with a colour of its own. The view which each takes will be new and peculiar; will have, in fact, that quality which Wordsworth claimed for himself, of making larger the range of human sympathies in some particular consistent direction: The prophet, the teacher leading forth his flock beside new waters. Little is left for ourselves to do; for our guide is always in our sight; his directions are always audible. He knows what his aim is, what is the message which he has to deliver to us; and poetry is with him almost more of a means than an end. The reason why he bids us believe his utterances is that *he* has uttered them—he under inspiration; and the token of his inspiration is the manner of his utterance. ‘Believe me,’ he says, ‘for the works’ sake. Is not my voice the voice of a prophet? and does not my heart labour with the presence of the god?’ And this teaching of some one particular thing, or this representation of, or dwelling on some special marked mode of life or thought, this one distinct flavour, or one sameness of coloured light, is a main characteristic of the lyrist. Homer and Shakespeare are dramatic—colourless; having all the colours blent into one white; but Virgil, Dante, Milton, have each their own hue; which falls upon all they each deal with. Each has some particular point of view—some hill-peak or depth, to which none but he could descend or climb; and he lets from thence the light of his genius fall, as no other light ever fell before. It illuminates things we know and are familiar with; but shows them in a new aspect, and makes plain unfamiliar detail. How different, for instance, love’s face looks, as Moore, Byron, Shelley, Mr. Swinburne, and Mr. Tennyson, each in turn exhibits it. A different light strikes across the same features, bringing out new shades and shinings; with expressions and meanings we had else never dreamed of—here the dimple of a lurking smile; here the lines and sadness of an unsuspected frown. And just now, on the brow of a pleasure which of all we should have thought the most tranquil, the most fluent of modern poets, who, to judge from his present rate of production, will be supreme, at least in quantity, shows us in his ‘Earthly Paradise,’ the marks of an enduring sorrow and gloom; letting us never forget it through all the thick volumes. This poem is indeed a good example of how what is apparently dramatic poetry may be in spirit lyrical; showing all things under an artificial light, so arranged as to give prominence to this or

that particular feature. Of such work, the very incompleteness is the perfection. Universality is the very thing the author does not desire. He merely wishes to show us one side of things or persons, and to ignore the others. He gives prominence to particular parts by throwing the rest into shadow and background. He merely shows us what he can see from his own point of view, which point he never leaves, that he may see what from thence he cannot; for to get behind the scenes he has no desire—a more partial knowledge suits him better. To dwell on 'the good in his enemies, the evil in his friends, would be alike immoral—would weaken the effect of his teaching. In lyrics proper, where the author avowedly speaks in his own person, this one-sidedness will need little further comment. He appears there, as we have before said, simply as a man inspired by some emotion, and communicating it to all that come to listen. He makes no pretence to be a 'wandering voice'—his own personality is necessary to complete the meaning of his utterances; he speaks merely as a man gifted above his fellows, and endeavouring to share his gifts with them. He is greater than they are, not by being less human, but by being more human—by having a larger share of that most human of all human things, enthusiasm. His love may be animal or spiritual; he may be philanthropic like Shelley, or misanthropic like Byron. No matter. He is a man just the same. He needs just as much heart to hate well as to love well; and the former passion is just as human, and perhaps more universal than the latter. The lyrist then keeps essentially his man's place—all his man's heart, desires, and sympathies; and above all, his man's convictions. He, then, is not the reed that the great God has rooted up, and marked as his chosen with his cruel wounding steel. He has not had his heart taken away; he has been bidden bear no extraordinary pain—endure no incalculable cost. He has had to labour, it is true—for without labour there is no greatness. But the mere sorrow of toil is not confined to poets. It is neither singular nor sad enough, we may be sure, for Mrs. Browning or the true gods to mourn over. The verse, then, which we quoted, must have reference to the other type of poet. Let us see what sort of application it has to him.

He, as already we have pointed out, is essentially distinct from the lyrist. Just as the lyrist is strong by the presence of enthusiasm, so is the dramatist made perfect by the absence of it—its absence as any part of his real self. Hence it comes that he occupies the position he does—the one we have above mentioned—external to his work. He cares about nothing enough to make himself a part of it—no creed or cause. He is neither a free-thinker nor a ritualist: he is too tolerant even to be a bigot for toleration. But instead of being possessed of any one desire or belief, he has a power of sympathy with all. Mastered by no cause and by no enthusiasm, he can, by this power of his, become at any moment an enthusiast in any cause he will. But his real self is



never touched ; he knows always what he is doing ; and one passion or creed is to him, artistically, as pure and as true as another. He feels *with* each of his characters ; but *about* none of them. He is in this the exact reverse of the lyrist ; and in the creation of his men and women he follows an opposite rule. He begins always, in each case, from within : he conceives first the inner essence—the character ; and then surrounds this with circumstance, and expresses it by action. This is indeed what, when dealing with himself, the lyrist himself does ; but it is the very thing which, when dealing with others, he does not do. Mere expression of his own character is not creation ; and in his creations he concerns himself with the outside, not touching on the inner ; producing wonderful effects sometimes, as in ‘Don Juan,’ mere puppets sometimes, or shadows, as in ‘Manfred.’ But the true dramatist begins always from within. There is nothing mechanical in the genesis of his people. He does not say to himself, ‘I will make a villain now, and now I will make a good man.’ His evil doer is not constructed out of a sword, a long cloak, and a slouched hat, an ominous voice, a sneer, or wicked eyes. But the creator becomes, for the time being, one with the creature ; lives his life, and has all his struggles ; evil and good—nobleness, lust, avarice, all contending for the mastery. And as the battle turns, so does the man act. And the result is a real living being, on which we may speculate, and about which we may have each our own opinion ; a thing with breath in its nostrils—divers-sided as all living things are—not a picture, a caricature, or a draped doll, labelled by its designers arbitrarily ‘knave’ or ‘hero.’ But the good man will have his weak or his evil points, and the bad man his remorse and his relentings : the just revenge of Hamlet will miscarry, and Iago’s hatred ruin the beautiful and the trusting. The true dramatist boldly and unflinchingly is just to each actor alike ; and never warps his events to construct a moral, or to obtrude anything palpably good or wholesome. Whatever creed he may himself profess, the whole truth pitilessly laid bare will do it, he knows, if it be true itself, no harm ; and so he will not wince as he lets us see how much of good and of noble may be in the libertine or the atheist ; how much of unlovely and sordid in the children of virtue. He knows how fascinating a beautiful straying woman may be ; how repelling, a stainless one ungifted. He does not represent the stings of conscience as more sharp than they are ; nor the consciousness of right-doing as more comforting ; but he is impartial and alike to either side. As an artist, indeed, he has nothing to do with religion as religion, or with virtue or vice as moralists and theologians treat them. All faiths and all beliefs are to him only true and valuable as causes which truly and really affect and influence men : and all vices and virtues are but as strings to his lyre, which he cares not how he touches, so that the music comes that he looks for. For the beauty and the delight of this music is the one thing that he consciously strives after ; and this he does with

singleness of heart, and no fear; careless how the good and the true suffer, the false and the cruel prosper, so that into his harmony comes a deeper richness, or the sudden thunder of a grand unexpected discord. As long as he holds for beauty, he cannot, he knows, go wrong; and if his work be beautiful, he knows that it must, too, be true.

What then of himself—the author and creator of the poetic microcosm—the many-sided poet, with his power of infinite sympathy? Cannot we now see something of what the cost and pain is which he is called to bear? He feels for all men, and with all men, after a certain fashion—the evil and the good alike. But, for this very reason, what can he himself feel? He can create lovers at his pleasure; shew us their trust and eager dreamings. But can he himself ever love trustfully or dream eagerly? He knows as much of the cynic as of the lover; of the rake as of the devotee. Will he ever then himself grow meagre with fasting, or pale with dissipation? Will he abandon himself ever either to license or to prayer? Rather it would seem that all the higher or more engrossing forms of feeling must come to him, although complete and, in a manner, fervid, as ghosts more than as realities; that the blinding gracious gift of Prometheus has been in his case recalled; and that the naked end of all things strikes on his sight—not as a terror or as a joy, but merely as a reality and as a veil; and that thus, seeing through life, as it were—seeing each passion and pursuit on all sides and in all lights, and so none without some side sad or contemptible, he can never, like blinder, happier ones, turn lover, politician, or reformer; but though his animal spirits be high, though his wit sparkle and his laugh ring, still through all this, life seems to him a thing more sombre and sunless than to common men—he can see a hidden irony in all our desires and joys. His power of human enthusiasm is gone, he regards life rather than mingles in it—regards it something as an old Roman spectacle; and takes pleasure in pain as in happiness—in the fine anguish of tortured limbs; or their gracious noble relapse into eternal stillness.

And yet large as the price would seem that the poet has to pay for such power as his, for the world's sake it is good that the purchase should be made. Nor can we even say for certain that the loss of what he loses makes the dramatist really a worse man, though it may make him a less happy one. No matter, however, what his own case may be, his appearing the world should hail with joy and with wonder, even though he should be truly (if we may borrow Mr. Lecky's words on another subject) 'the high-priest of humanity, sacrificed for the sins of the people.' For, besides the actual and enduring joy and worth of his work as art and as beauty, purely dramatic poetry is always a sign of health of the age that produces it; prophetic poetry a sign of disease. The former is the art of peace—the calm that ensues after conquest; the latter is the art of war, or of seasons of confusion and struggle. The prophet is sent forth only when the people are rebellious, or through



their own fault enslaved ; when they turn after false gods and vain inventions ; but in the golden intervals—when pain and sickness ceasing, give us a holiday from self-consciousness—from that dissatisfaction and doubt which is so fatal to action—we shall need no mighty leader, no seer or prophet to come to us for warning or salvation ; crying to us, ‘ Look yonder for the day-spring of truth,’ or to God, ‘ How long dost thou delay thy dawning ?’ Such a prophet may come indeed with might as a Saviour : his advent and his work and he may be all glorious ; but still the times must be out of joint first, to need him to right them ; he is the sign of disease, even though he may be its remedy. Many sublime hymns have been made to liberty ; tyranny has been sublimely cursed ; but neither the curse nor the praise are wanted till liberty has departed, or tyranny made slaves of us. This truth is shown quite clearly in one important branch of prophetic poetry—satire. For however just and admirable satire in itself may be, the only soil in which it can strike root is one corrupt and rotten. And just as satire is needed only, and can only be where there is folly and vice for it to feed upon ; so no earnest lyrical poetry at all, no poet’s message to the world—no new revelation is possible, save in an age where something is evil, incomplete, wanting, or overworn ; where there is some disease or decay born of earth, to call for fire or the healing of heaven. Whatever lyrical poetry belongs to the healthful days at all, will be pitched in a lower key ; and charm not by its greatness, but its perfection ; not teaching men what they did not know before ; but crystalising into exquisite shapes common property. It will not be the song of ‘ the tempest-clearing swan,’ but the murmur of the Matinian bee, sucking sweets from the low shrubs and flowers. Whilst all the really great poetry of healthful epochs—so healthful that, as Mr. Carlyle says, ‘ they know not their own health ’—ever is dramatic. Men can then find all of direct religion and direct instruction in the natural channels : nor is there any of that discontent and morbid restlessness that leads them hither and thither, longing for some new thing ; and seeking for some definite religion or philosophy in arts, that, of nature, merely aim at beauty. They are content to let the beautiful be the only rule by which the poet shall construct his work—the beautiful not in any narrow sense, but including all that can give delight either by tears or laughter—the sublime and the pathetic—the whole diapason of dramatic music. And thus they gain far more of true morality than those do who exact a moral ; since they get no mere garbled fragments of truth or piety ; the doctrine of no one party, to be swallowed like a gilded pill—no one splendid idea shewn in glory—no one aspiration emphasised ; but, instead of this, a something on which each man may be his own moralist and his own philosopher ; which itself propounds no theory and no system ; and which so can never be out of date ; but which will, like a chameleon, as we take some new point of view, change, and show us some new glory of colour ; the meanings of

which will grow with our powers of finding them—which 'is not of an age; but for all time.'

'What does Wordsworth teach? What does Mr. Tennyson teach? Tell us the doctrine of the "Excursion," or the moral of the "Arthurian Idylls." ' These demands are moderate and sane enough. To these we may make some answer. But, 'What does the "Iliad" teach? What particular lesson do we learn from "Hamlet," or from "Faust?" ' These will merely raise a smile. They are not unlike the sweeping question a country lady, we once heard of, asked a gentleman. 'Pray, sir, what do they think of the war in London?' Hosts of commentators may try their hands on Homer, or on Shakespeare; each may bring out some consistent meaning—different each, and yet all true; and still the meanings will not be exhausted; no, not even though they should be subjected to 'the vision and the faculty divine' of true lyrists, who may write themselves fresh poems without end, to explain the single poems of dramatists.

We have thus contrasted briefly the two types of poet, and of poetry. We have, indeed, made no allusion to a vast amount of detail, and modifying circumstance. Of how the two kinds of poetical power may be blent in one man, and in one poem; or of the various disguised forms in which each may make its appearance—of these and many such things we have been unable here to speak; nor to draw attention even to the still more important fact, of how far short of perfection must fall, in many ways, the work of the most perfect dramatist: how the texture and coarseness of the canvas will show, here and there, through all the figures of the most consummate painting. Divested, however, of all secondary points, the groundwork of the truth will be quicklier and more easily understood; nor have we here aimed at anything farther than marking broadly the line that severs the two great classes, poets and prophets—the personal calm and the personal tumult—'the rest of immortals, the action of men;' and to show the popular error regarding both the position of one class, and the pretty romantic fable of the sadness and melancholy that belongs to it.

And yet if the worth of lyric poetry be in reality so much lower than dramatic; if though more human it be less divine, the lyrist has much to console him in the wideness of his popularity, if not in the strength of his admirers. For amongst certain people and in a certain sense, the lyrist is sure to be the favourite, since, besides the mere joy and beauty of his verse, he has much else to offer to his readers. The image of the human singer is brought near to them; a new friend and leader is, as it were, given. He—his life and his loves, his joys and his sorrows—blend with his verse as we read it, and give it a new interest and meaning. Those that admire him with hate, have some certain tangible being against whom to fulminate; those that admire him with love, feel that they too may follow in his foot-prints; and as they ponder his lines over, take joy in thinking of how this or that



passage is the apotheosis of a desire or thought that has long floated undefined or timorous in their own hearts. Thus to some comes a distincter pleasure in the pathless words—a sharper rapture on the lonely shore, not only from the verse of the prophet-bard who sang of these things, but from memories of history and his portrait; and with adjuncts of somewhat similar feelings, the minds of others may love to dance with the daffodils, or study philosophy in the petals of a primrose. Hence the lyrist, if he cares for such admiration (as he is pretty sure to do) may comfort himself always with the admiration of women; and not of these only, but of that great crowd of men also who are born not to lead but to follow; and of that larger class still, which includes most likely the bulk of the two former, those who are in love with their own hearts, and sorrows, and inner workings; who are always looking into every smoothish surface for mirrorings of themselves, and love to fancy that in the glorious visions of this or that great poet they see truly their own reflections.

The dramatist, however, has no allurements of this kind to offer. We cannot find anything in his works where we may be quite sure he himself is speaking; and with which we may safely sympathise. We shall look in vain for the author's *ego*, with which we may with pride and confidence dream ourselves to be one; so as to say, let us suppose, on some occasion, with sweet satisfaction, 'I, too, grieve in this way. This is just the phase of feeling with which I am so familiar. "When on my bed the moonlight falls," I feel this, or this, just as he did. I also am at heart a poet, though somehow or other God has made me inarticulate.' There is no distinct line or continuity of teaching for us to follow or believe in. The dramatist is the leader or the founder of no school of thinkers or of feelers. Neither does he, himself his own hero, set himself as an example of life amongst imagined circumstances; but he takes his stand without and apart from all he treats of; whatever be his own soul's sorrows or troubles, letting them never trouble or be traceable in his writings. He is, as we have above said, contrasted with the lyrist in his whole aim and method. His strength comes from calm—the lyrist's from storm. The prophet may madden and swoon, travailing with the terror of divine inspiration, or his eyes may grow fiery with ardour for the side's sake which he leads to conflict. But he whom we may call more especially the *poet*, the creator, is the steady impartial god that holds the balances, and beholds the battle; not the fighting man or the captain who directs, or who takes part in it. Him no ardour thrills, no loss makes mournful, no hate eager; the fortunes of neither side touch him; but his soul is filled with a diviner, deeper rapture, at the crashing chords and whole accumulated richness of rapture and of agony. His readers, too, may take their place by him, and fill their ears, as his are filled, with this music of humanity; whilst some will perhaps by their sympathy become one with some actor in the magic world below them. At any rate, in whatever light

they regard and enjoy the spectacle, the world they look at is an actual and a living one—small but perfect. Not a mere scrap of the actual life around us; but what is complete and too great to be grasped, brought by the enchantment of supreme art within our reach, and yet with no loss; changed and yet the same. No idealism—no morbid dreams of beauty—no false sentiments introduced; but somehow, what is hateful and unholy all working together with what we commonly call beautiful, to produce a beautiful whole; and the entire harmony and sublime music of happiness and misery, which, we being in the midst of it, cannot hear, set as a thing external to us, which we can listen to and realise.

And what—again we ask—of him, the wonderful worker of all these wonders? How from his works shall we imagine him? Will he be, as other singers, an ethereal or bitter creature, with the passion and keen spirit that consume him written in his face? How from his works shall we conjecture his life and character? This we can never do. We must look for them to quite other sources, to biographers, and the witness of men that knew him. And seeing the mighty artist as these show him, and looking for the nobleness, the greatness, the fortitude, the love with which he knew so well to endow his characters, it is not unlikely that we shall start with wonder at the things we find—the meanness, the selfishness, the vanity, or the absence of any personal supremacy; marvelling that of Shakespeare we have no authentic record save as the wittiest of a witty company; and that the loftiest genius that the world has known since Shakespeare was more proud of a paltry title, scarce equal to that of an English knight's, than of the authorship of 'Wilhelm Meister,' or of 'Faust.'

W. H. MALLOCK.





# TRAGEDY.

BY HEINRICH HEINE

[*Translated from the German by* FRANZ HÜFFER.]

I.

O fly with me and be my wife,  
And on my bosom shelter thee;  
In far-off countries let my heart  
Thy fatherland and homestead be.

Wilt thou not come I here must die,  
Then lonely and alone thou art,  
And even in thy father's house  
Strange among strangers feels thy heart.

II.

There fell a blight in the night of spring,  
It fell on the soft sweet blue-flowers,  
They all drooped down and withered.

A youth once loved a maiden fair,  
They both in secret fled from home,  
Unknown to father and mother.  
Then they have wandered and roamed so far.  
They never were led by fortune's star,  
They are dead and lost for ever.

III.

Upon their grave a lime-tree is growing,  
Where birds are whistling and winds are blowing,  
There sit at eve in the dark green shade  
The miller's lad and his own true maid.

The winds are blowing so weak and weary,  
The birds are singing so sweet and dreary,  
The chatting lovers—they know not why—  
Silent become and begin to cry.

# THE EDUCATION OF SCEPTICUS.

## CHAPTER I.

WHEN Mr. Scepticus senior was informed that his wife had presented him with a fine boy, he manifested an almost unphilosophic delight. He was confident that a great intellectual future was in store for his son, and he expressed this conviction upon all occasions, and in every variety of exalted metaphor. Thus, he assured the doctor, who brought little Scepticus to him in his arms, that 'within that infant head there slumbered forces which would humanise and regenerate the world.' The doctor told him to be sure and keep the child well wrapped up. Again, Mr. Scepticus puzzled the monthly nurse not a little by speaking of the baby as the 'infant apostle of the new evangel,' and somewhat scandalised her on another occasion by declaring that little Scepticus was not *his* child, but the child of the nineteenth century.

All this merely meant that in the opinion of Mr. Scepticus his son's intellectual bent would resemble his own. On what he founded this anticipation of the boy's future I am unable to say. He profoundly disbelieved in the hereditary transmission of mental and moral qualities, and I cannot therefore explain his rooted conviction upon this point otherwise than by supposing that he sometimes failed to subject his own beliefs to the unsparing analysis which he applied to those of other people. This supposition I should have hesitated to make on my own responsibility, but the younger Scepticus has since informed me from his own experience that such oversights were not so uncommon as I should have imagined.

No one, however, who believes that mental and moral qualities may be inherited will be surprised to hear that Scepticus verified the paternal prediction; for, if any couple might reasonably calculate on giving to the world a thoroughly sceptical child, the father and mother of my hero were that couple. It would, indeed, have been singular had they produced an offspring of even average credulity. Mr. Scepticus had laid the foundations of his literary and philosophic fame in an essay on the 'Dogmatism of Hume, and his Superstitious Reverence for the Opinions of the Vulgar;' while Mrs. Scepticus had embraced a system of



the most uncompromising Pyrrhonism at a very early age. With such favourable antecedents, it may be imagined with what eagerness Mr. Scepticus awaited the first dawn of intelligence in his son. Before the development of the faculty of speech it is a task of no slight difficulty to trace in the mind of a child the operations of the higher criticism; but even at this early period Mr. Scepticus fancied he could detect in his son's actions the first movements of the philosophic spirit. In his resistance to being washed his father discerned a philosophic protest on the child's part against being subjected to an unpleasant process of whose utility he was imperfectly satisfied; while in his vigorous rejection of a dose of medicine Mr. Scepticus recognised a half-conscious distrust of the efficacy of the British Pharmacopœia. When certain friends of the family once ventured to throw doubt on these interpretations of little Scepticus's actions, and to explain them in a somewhat different way, Mr. Scepticus took the matter up with great warmth, and told them roundly that they were guilty of a species of incredulity with which he had no patience. But the fond father was not long subject to the annoyance of this unbelief, for as soon as little Scepticus was able to talk he exhibited unmistakeable signs of the hereditary spirit. Mr. Scepticus had given strict orders that his son should receive in every respect the same nursery education as other children, so that his critical powers might be as soon as possible called into exercise. No nursery myth, written or oral, withstood the child's searching analysis for a moment. In a discussion of a very brief duration he demolished his nurse's 'Argument for the Existence of a Bogey,' and showed conclusively that, even if he existed, the popular conception of him was at any rate an erroneous one, inasmuch as the top-boots with which tradition invested him could not coexist with the supernatural attributes supposed to be possessed by their wearer. On the other hand, he admitted that if the existence of such a being could not be proved, neither could it be disproved, and held that the proper attitude of a child's mind on this subject was that of 'suspended judgment.' At the age of five he read to a meeting of children, assembled for the purpose in his father's nursery, a paper upon 'Jack the Giant Killer,' in which he pointed out the many improbabilities of the narrative, the evident bias of the historian in favour of Jack, and the overwhelming evidence that the legend was of considerably later date than that usually assigned to it. From all these considerations he deduced the conclusion that the whole story was mythical. The paper was triumphantly successful. Though read before a hostile audience, its argument was found unanswerable by any of those present, and most of the children left the meeting in tears. Mr. Scepticus, it may be imagined, watched these evidences of his son's philosophic bent with unmixed pleasure. He encouraged him to ask questions upon all subjects, and to doubt the replies which were given him, and was never more gratified than when he was led by the child's more

active spirit of enquiry to suspect some position in history or morals which he had previously seen no reason to question.

Mr. Scepticus had very early in his son's infancy determined that he would not endanger his intellectual future by sending him to school. There was no telling the fatal effects which the influence of an unphilosophical master might produce upon his son's intellectual growth; and Mr. Scepticus had therefore resolved to keep him at home and let him educate himself. Accordingly, at the age at which most boys are sent to school little Scepticus was led by his father into the library, and informed that that was henceforth to be his schoolroom—a schoolroom in which he was to be at once the master and the pupil. It contained, so said Mr. Scepticus, all the works of any credit ever written upon theology, history, and philosophy; and the views of all contending schools were, he thought, fairly represented amongst its shelves; but any work not contained in it which the youthful enquirer might wish to study, his father expressed his willingness to purchase for him. He dismissed him to his task with a parting admonition to study both sides of every question, to devote the longest and most careful study to the side opposed to his own, and above all to criticise always in a dispassionate spirit. When disposed to adopt any opinion decidedly, he was, before doing so, to discuss the question with his father, who would for the occasion adopt and advocate the opposite opinion, with the view of improving his son's dialectic. Scepticus commenced his studies with eagerness, and in a properly dispassionate spirit, but found little opportunity for its exercise, inasmuch as all the books which he came across in his father's library appeared to support views similar to his own. So far as he could discover, they seemed all to be works written on the sceptical side. Afterwards, however, he lighted upon a few works of dogmatic theology, and was preparing to criticise them in a dispassionate spirit, but he found that his labours had been anticipated. They were full of marginal notes in his father's handwriting, criticising their contents in a strain of the bitterest ridicule; while in some parts, and those too where the reasoning seemed to Scepticus to be the closest, and where therefore he promised himself the greatest pleasure in combating it, whole passages had been scored out and obliterated, and the word 'Nonsense' or 'Rubbish' added by Mr. Scepticus in the margin. Orthodox theologians were, however, very slenderly represented in the library, and there was in particular one work of this class, not possessed by Mr. Scepticus, which his son had the greatest desire to read. He was engaged in studying the question of Free Will—a question which, although his intelligence was considerably in advance of his years, he found by no means free from difficulty—and he had met, in the works he had studied, with frequent references to the writings of a certain Augustin. Many of the quotations from this author had been obliterated by Mr. Scepticus, with the usual comment, but enough still remained to stimulate curiosity, and Scepticus accordingly requested



his father to procure for him the works of this Augustin. Mr. Scepticus assured him that he would find them of no service to him in his studies. On being pressed for his reasons for this statement, he answered that the speculations of that day had been rendered obsolete by modern research.

Scepticus here saw an opportunity for improving his dialectic in the manner suggested by his father, and replied :

‘But surely, sir, modern research has added little or nothing to our knowledge upon such questions as that of the Freedom of the Will.’

‘This is a fruitless discussion,’ said Mr. Scepticus, with rising warmth. ‘Bacon has rightly said that what are called ancient times really represent, not the old age of the world, but its youth, and that therefore we are necessarily wiser than our fathers.’

‘Nay, sir,’ said Scepticus, ‘but in the present case——’

‘What! sir, you dispute it?’ cried his father, now fairly in a passion. ‘You deny that we are wiser than our fathers? Then let me tell you, sir, that you are setting your judgment above mine, and are a self-sufficient young puppy. I am willing to purchase for you any book that you may reasonably require, but the works you ask for are a pack of stuff, and I decline to waste my money on such rubbish.’

With these words Mr. Scepticus flung from the room, and banged the door behind him with such violence that a book fell from one of the shelves at the feet of his son. Scepticus picked up the book, which proved to be a volume of Shakespeare’s Plays, and was soon deep in its perusal. He read on, thoroughly absorbed, for half an hour, till he was aroused by his father re-entering the library. His dormant critical faculty awoke, and he blushed to think how eagerly he had been reading, and how thoroughly he had for the moment believed in the actual existence of the characters in the play. When he remembered further that in the particular play he had been reading three of the characters were respectively a magician, a monster, and a spirit—beings whose mythical character he had long since demonstrated in his ‘Child’s Criterion of Belief’—he felt doubly humiliated. In what respect, he asked himself, was he superior to his little cousin Credo, who thought ‘Puss in Boots’ historical, and believed that he had one night seen fairies dancing on the croquet-ground? His father aroused him from these painful reflections by inquiring what book he was reading.

‘Shakespeare’s Plays, sir,’ replied Scepticus, a little confused.

His father took the book from him and told him that he must not read such works at present.

‘Why not?’ asked Scepticus.

‘My boy,’ replied Mr. Scepticus, frowning slightly, ‘you have contracted a bad habit of asking questions. On this occasion, however, I will gratify your curiosity. The imaginative faculty must not be indulged till the critical faculty has been fully developed.’

Scepticus resumed his study of the question of Free Will, but, to his surprise, he found the utmost difficulty in concentrating his thoughts on the subject. Prospero and Ariel, Miranda and Caliban, *would* intrude themselves upon his mind, and he began to think there was a good deal in what his father had said about the danger of indulging his imagination.

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## CHAPTER II.

FOR some time after the occurrence of the incidents related in the last chapter the behaviour of Scepticus was such as to cause his father no further disquietude. He was more assiduous in his studies than ever, and he now seldom or never troubled Mr. Scepticus with questions. He would sit for hours in his favourite recess with some philosophical work, generally of the folio size, before him, from the study of which he rarely withdrew himself, except for a hurried meal. One day, however, Mr. Scepticus took advantage of his son's momentary absence from the library to examine the book which he was reading, and discovered that the folio philosopher contained an octavo poet hidden between its capacious leaves, the very volume of Shakespeare which he had forbidden his son to read. On the return of Scepticus to the library, his father read him a severe lecture on the double immorality of which he had been guilty—disobedience and deceit. Scepticus listened patiently till the lecture was concluded, and then replied, with his usual mixture of respect and firmness, that he feared a discussion of the point between them would be useless, for want of a common ground on which to argue. His father's reasoning, he said, showed him to be an intuitional moralist, whereas he himself had long since adopted the utilitarian ethics. The imputation of being an intuitional moralist was indignantly repudiated by Mr. Scepticus, and his son thereupon demanded that the immorality of his recent conduct should be proved by the utilitarian canon. Mr. Scepticus boxed his ears and took away the Shakespeare. Thus ended the second attempt of Scepticus to improve his dialectic, and he began almost to doubt whether the discussion of disputed points with his father was as beneficial a mental training as the elder philosopher seemed to think.

The truth was, that Mr. Scepticus, although not averse to controversy, preferred it to be carried on without contradiction to his own views: and such contradiction his son, in the impetuosity of a youthful debate, was not always careful to avoid. As a last resource, Scepticus determined to try another method of discussion, and accordingly sat up half the night preparing a written defence of his conduct, and placed the paper on his father's dressing-table before retiring to bed. He heard no more of the matter for two or three days, at the expiration of



which period his father informed him that he was to be sent to school. He had hoped, Mr. Scepticus said, that the cultivation of the philosophic habit would have produced in his son's mind its usual fruits of humility of temper and liberality of view, but since it only seemed to beget in him an overweening conceit of his own opinion and a fierce intolerance of the views of others, he was compelled with great reluctance to change his plan of education. The preparations for Scepticus's departure were soon made. His box was packed up that day; Mrs. Scepticus, who, although a rigid Pyrrhonist, made excellent potted meats and preserves, soon filled up its vacant spaces in a satisfactory manner; Mr. Scepticus gave him his blessing and a pocket series of the 'English Deists;' and, thus equipped, he was despatched to the school selected for him.

The school to which he had been sent was kept by a Mr. Certus de Nihilo, a gentleman whose acquaintance Mr. Scepticus had recently made, and whose views on education he had found with surprise and delight to coincide precisely with his own. Mr. de Nihilo came of an old French Protestant family, in which doubt had run for generations. His great-great-great-grandfather had been an intimate friend of the great Peter Bayle, and had (so his descendant declared) contributed some of the most valuable portions of that philosopher's famous work. In the investigation of this important point Mr. de Nihilo had occupied his time since he left college, and had already accumulated, with a view to publication, a vast mass of evidence proving his ancestor's important share in the 'Dictionnaire Historique.' To support himself in the meantime he had opened the school over which he now presided, and which he conducted upon an entirely new principle, conceived originally by himself, and warmly approved by Mr. Scepticus, to whom he had imparted it. In all external appearances Mr. de Nihilo's school resembled its rivals. Its prospectus promised the same educational advantages as other schools, and as in other schools every boy was expected to bring with him a spoon and fork and six towels; but in its internal economy it differed widely from ordinary places of education, as its pupils very soon discovered. On the arrival of each fresh batch of new boys they were conducted into Mr. de Nihilo's study, where that gentleman, having duly entered their names on the books of the school, proceeded briefly to explain to them his system of tuition. Having pointed out in a few weighty sentences the extreme uncertainty of all human knowledge, and the serious responsibility incurred by anyone who should attempt compulsorily to indoctrinate others with his own views, he passed on to some reflections on the popular method of education, and satirised in a few stinging phrases the absurdity and arrogance of its pretensions. Posterity, he said, would one day laugh at the bigotry which attempted by moral coercion, or still worse by the infliction of physical suffering, to force upon the youthful mind the doubtful conclusions of the grammarian or geographer. Less tyrannical

but no less mischievous was the practice prevalent in other schools of selecting the subjects of study which the boys were to pursue. In Mr. de Nihilo's establishment both these practices would be abandoned for ever. Every boy in the school was to select his own subject of study and to pursue it without officious interference from anyone. This address was always received by the new boys with loud expressions of approval, which Mr. de Nihilo mistook for the enthusiasm of emancipated thought, and they immediately proceeded to select their several subjects of study. Many of the boys selected 'rounders.' None of them ever troubled Mr. de Nihilo again after the delivery of this address, and he was left with abundant leisure to pursue his literary labours.

In this school, it may be imagined, Scepticus had the utmost liberty to follow the natural bent of his disposition, and accordingly he spent there several years of profound mental disquietude. Ever since the day on which his father had surprised him with the Shakespeare, he had fluctuated between the rival influences of his original and his newly acquired taste. His critical and his imaginative faculty were at perpetual war. He would spend two or three days in composing an ode to some famous personage of history, or a sonnet to one of the cardinal virtues; and then, his mood suddenly changing, he would devote the next week to a hostile criticism of the hero's character, or a pessimistic analysis of the moral components of the virtue. One day he was an enthusiastic reader of the 'Utopia;' the next a sympathetic student of the 'Leviathan.' In this unsettled condition of mind he yearned for sympathy and advice, but was unable to obtain it. His schoolfellows were utterly unable to appreciate his difficulties, and indeed the relations between him and them were hardly amicable. He had found them enslaved to many of the grossest superstitions of childhood, and his efforts to enlighten them had met with the usual fate of such attempts. His exposure of the absurdity of a belief in dreams (a superstition almost universal in the school) had earned him great unpopularity; and Elephass Major, the cock of the school, had, with general approval, 'licked him for cheek.' His next essay, entitled 'Are cocks of schools necessary?' procured him some favour with the younger boys; but, though they warmly praised its argument, they strongly advised him not to make it public, assuring him that Elephass Major would half kill him if he did. The boys at Mr. de Nihilo's were evidently not fitting confidants in an intellectual difficulty like his. Nor could he obtain any assistance at home. His father, who had restored him to favour since he had been sent to school, used to admit him in vacations to his 'Philosophic Thursdays,' but none of the gentlemen whom he met there seemed likely to be a sympathetic adviser. They were all philosophers, and spoke in terms of high approval of the 'attitude of doubt,' but to Scepticus they all seemed very confident in the correctness of their own opinions. The discussions which took place at Mr. Scepticus's 'Philosophic Thursdays'



were exceedingly warm, and it was no uncommon thing for one of the guests to leave the house in a huff. Scepticus had heard them apply the term 'sentimentalism' to many ideas which exercised considerable influence over him, and he did not like to ask their assistance in the mental struggle which he was at present undergoing. He had consulted Mr. de Nihilo, but that gentleman professed himself unable to understand his difficulty. That the critical and imaginative faculties should be antagonistic to each other was, he said, natural, and could not be inconvenient, inasmuch as they were employed on totally different subject-matter. This latter proposition Scepticus questioned, and pointed out that, though frequently true, it was by no means invariably so. In geometry and similar subjects he admitted that these faculties did not interfere with each other, and the imagination accepted (for instance) the conclusion of the reason that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles, if with little enthusiasm, at any rate without actual repugnance. No geometrician was troubled by vague aspirations after a triangle which should contain angles greater than two right angles, still less by an unaccountable impulse to believe in spite of reason that such a triangle somewhere exists. But in some other departments of thought, Scepticus continued, notably in religion and morals, the imagination *did* struggle thus against the conclusions of the reason. Mr. de Nihilo said he had never experienced that. Scepticus was proceeding to ask his advice as to which of the two opposing tendencies he had better encourage; when Mr. de Nihilo, who had listened to his last explanation with visible impatience, reminded him of the system upon which the school was conducted, and pointed out that, were he to deviate from it by regulating the intellectual tendencies of his pupils, it would be but a short step to directing their studies, and so declining into the worst errors of the old *régime*. Scepticus was accordingly forced to defer the solution of his difficulties to the period, now close at hand, when he was to exchange Mr. de Nihilo's school for the University.

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### CHAPTER III.

THE dislike and distrust which Mr. Scepticus entertained for the ordinary school education did not extend to that of the Universities. Mr. Scepticus was himself a university man, and he knew that there was no difficulty in selecting a college in which the free growth of a young man's intellect would be in no respect interfered with. He chose St. Theudas's as the college most suited to his purpose in this respect, entered his son's name there as a gentleman-commoner, and instructed him to fail disgracefully in his first attempt at passing his little-go examination. By this means, he said, he might calculate

on obtaining two years' private study with little or no molestation from the college authorities, a period quite sufficient to complete his education.

At the University, Scepticus met for the first time with that intellectual sympathy for which he so much longed. Before he had been a week at St. Theudas's he was elected a member of the 'Solvent Club,' where he made the acquaintance of more than twenty young men with 'suspended judgments.' The introduction to the printed rules of the club described it as having been 'formed for the purpose of impartially but thoroughly examining the accepted doctrines of mankind, subjecting them to the powerful solvents of modern criticism' (it was from this that the club took its name) 'and precipitating whatever solid residuum of truth they might contain.' The subscription was half a crown terminally. Here at last Scepticus fancied he had met with the true critical spirit in its purest form. The essays which were read weekly on theological subjects were models of philosophic impartiality and calm. The solvents of modern criticism were applied to the accepted doctrine with a steady hand, and the resulting precipitate exhibited in the clearest way. The solvents being extremely strong, the precipitate was for the most part very small; and, such as it was, it was usually taken in hand by some other gentleman in the next week's essay, treated with a fresh application of the solvent, and subjected to a consequent further reduction in bulk: till at last some fortunate member of the club succeeded in exhibiting, as it were, a test-tube of perfectly colourless speculation, holding the 'accepted doctrine' in complete solution. The whole discussion, however, was distinguished by a thoroughly liberal and candid tone, and Scepticus at last felt the pleasure of intercourse with minds congenial to his own—with men in whom the true spirit of enquiry reigned supreme, and who concealed in their mental storehouses no heavy bales of foregone conclusions planted upon a few poor flattened philosophic principles. He entered heartily into the speculations of the club, and when it came to his own turn to contribute something he abandoned theology and read an essay on the best form of political government, in which he applied the solvents of modern criticism to some of the popular democratic doctrines; showing that the question was not as yet concluded between republicanism and monarchy, and that further experience was necessary before the world could settle finally their respective merits. The essay was received with marked disfavour, and produced a very angry discussion. There was a general feeling that the solvents had been improperly applied, and it was even doubted in some quarters whether they were applicable to such questions at all. Of this debate, Scepticus, although opposed alone to all the other members, got considerably the best. Next day, however, he received a visit from the secretary, who drew his attention to the fifth rule of the club, which provided that every member should be 'a person of liberal principles,'



and, pointing out that a member who was still in doubt between a monarchy and a republic could not answer to this description, called upon him to resign. Scepticus having decidedly refused to do this was then informed that he would be expelled at the next meeting. Before that day arrived, however, the proprietor of the room in which the meetings were held refused to allow another to take place until he was paid his arrears of rent. No funds being forthcoming, the Solvent Club became bankrupt and broke up, and Scepticus was spared the threatened indignity of expulsion.

But he resumed his task of self-education more disheartened than ever. His father had always boasted that philosophy was the mistress of the age, that everywhere the spirit of patient research and the calm rule of reason was supreme. And *he* had found the educated world full of disguised bigots, faithless lip-servants of this sovereign Reason, obedient so long as her commands flattered their prejudices or furthered their interests, open and unblushing rebels when obedience would have involved sacrifice. And yet, he thought bitterly, they were wiser in their generation than he who had obeyed this queen so loyally, and yet found no peace in submission. His hopes and his emotions and his imagination had their will of him at times, even as though he were a mere mediæval mystic; and this Reason, this power which ruled him with an iron rule, gave him no aid in resisting them—like a despot with an ineffective police, who makes slaves of his subjects, yet is unable to protect them from the miseries of internal quarrel.

Once, indeed, Scepticus had been on the verge of open rebellion, and with this view he abandoned the society of the false subjects of Reason, and frequented those who had already rebelled against her. They seemed happy enough, he had often thought. Nothing but peace and inward contentment was visible in the faces which surmounted those strange long black garments that symbolise in some mysterious way the peculiar views of Ritualists. But a closer acquaintance showed Scepticus that their position was little better than his own. Only a portion of them after all, he found, had compassed peace of mind. Little Chrysostom Weke, indeed, had successfully rebelled against Reason, and was happy; but then how feeble the government which little Chrysostom Weke had had to overthrow! Little Weke's reason was a mere mental Louis Philippe. No wonder that, like him, it had abdicated at the first sign of revolution, and had never since ventured to show itself in its former territories. And from all Scepticus had seen of little Weke, there seemed every probability of its dying in exile. Bernard Clerehed, on the other hand, had had tough work in dethroning and subduing his reason, and he was no happier now that he had done it. The rulers he had substituted were too weak to rule him in peace, and the dethroned monarch was always making attempts to regain his sovereignty. Bernard Clerehed's time was divided between rigorous religious exercises and interminable doubts and self-questionings, and it was

pretty evident to all the more penetrating of his friends that he would end either as a Romanist or a Sceptic. Neither of these types offered much encouragement to Scepticus, and at length the idea struck him of referring his difficulties to the college authorities. St. Theudas's was a college famous for its orthodoxy, and it followed therefore (so Scepticus argued) that its office-bearers must have successfully reconciled the reasoning faculty with the religious instinct. He had often wondered how their most eminent tutor, Mr. Scotus Ockham, a gentleman with a wide metaphysical celebrity, had effected this reconciliation, and when Mr. Ockham published his 'Boundaries of Theological Speculation' Scepticus instantly bought and studied it. Its author followed Reason so loyally in metaphysical speculation that Scepticus felt sure he had not abandoned her in Theology, and that this book contained a satisfactory solution of these difficulties. He was grievously disappointed. Mr. Ockham set out indeed in search of theological truth accompanied by both Reason and Faith, and walked with them for some distance, conversing affably with each in turn. But when they arrived at that fatal piece of waste ground where the two ladies always wish to take different paths, and Scepticus expected his guide to point out some new track which both of his companions would agree to follow, Mr. Ockham, to his surprise, turned to Reason, and, taking off his hat, took a most polite leave of her: 'We have had, my dear Madam,' he said, 'a pleasant journey together, but I cannot permit you to accompany me beyond these limits. When I return within them I shall be again glad of your company. In the meantime good morning.' And the rest of Mr. Ockham's book consisted of a series of plans of that and the surrounding district, showing the various spots at which he was himself accustomed, and at which he recommended his disciples, to perform this ceremony of leavetaking. Scepticus shut the book sadly, for he saw that Mr. Ockham and he did not take the same view of their obligations to Reason.

In the meantime, however, two years had passed away, and the Master of St. Theudas's now sent for Scepticus and informed him that, unless he intended to take holy orders, it was necessary for him to bestir himself and pass his little-go examination. Scepticus immediately wrote to his father for instructions as to what course to pursue, and received a reply advising him to remove his name from the college books. His education was now completed, and Mr. Scepticus received him home in triumph. He pointed out to him the brilliant philosophic future before him, and the services he might render to mankind; and requested him to begin his career of usefulness by exposing the absurdities of the doctrine of the Church of England, and advocating the tenets of the Unitarian body, of which Mr. Scepticus was a professed member. Scepticus replied coldly that he was perfectly willing to point out the intellectual anomalies of the Anglican creed,



but could not undertake to advocate Unitarianism, which involved many anomalies of the same nature.

‘Unitarianism,’ said his father angrily, ‘involves no intellectual anomalies.’

‘It has many,’ said Scepticus; ‘but it matters not; I can at present undertake no work of the kind. Let me explain to you my intellectual position. You have given me a sceptical education. I have bettered your instructions, and learnt to be somewhat sceptical of scepticism itself. As a destructive weapon it has already done its work. It has destroyed whatever is really pernicious to human welfare in Anglicanism, and in all other creeds of men: and in doing this it has had the support of all the best instincts and aspirations of human nature. But it has this support no longer. These instincts and these aspirations have parted from their former ally, and now strive in opposition to her. I am loyal to Reason, but these also are a part of my nature, and I must reconcile Reason with them without abandoning either. When I have done so, I will continue to destroy, for I shall be able to rebuild. But I cannot act till I have harmonised my mind and soul.’

‘Harmonised a fiddle-stick’s end!’ said Mr. Scepticus. ‘These are mere idle fancies, or why do they not trouble me?’

Scepticus smiled, but returned no answer.

He adhered, however, firmly to his expressed determination, and at last Mr. Scepticus recognised with bitter disappointment that his son was unworthy of the high career for which he had intended him. He heard of an opening in business and endeavoured to induce Scepticus to become an accountant. But his son, who since he had left college had succeeded to a small independence from an uncle, steadily refused. He was at present, he said, thoroughly unfitted for the world of action, and must wait till he had harmonised his mind and soul.

He has waited ever since.

H. D. TRAILL.



# THE STORY OF FRITHIOF THE BOLD.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ICELANDIC BY WILLIAM MORRIS.

## CHAPTER XI.

### *FRITHIOF GOES TO SEE KING RING AND INGIBIORG.*

FRITHIOF waxed ever in riches and renown whithersoever he went: evil men he slew, and grimly strong-thieves, but peaceful folk and chapmen he let abide in peace; and now was he called anew Frithiof the Bold; he had gotten to him by now a great company well arrayed, and was become exceeding wealthy of chattels.

But when Frithiof had been three winters a-warring he sailed west, and made the Bay; then he said that he would go a-land: 'But ye shall fare a-warring without me this winter; for I begin to weary of warfare, and would fain go to the Uplands, and get speech of King Ring; but hither shall ye come to meet me in the summer, and I will be here the first day of summer.'

Biorn said: 'This counsel is nought wise, though thou must needs rule; rather would I that we fare north to Sogni, and slay both those kings, Helgi and Halfdan.'

'It is all one to me,' said Frithiof; 'I must needs go see King Ring and Ingibiorg.'

Says Biorn: 'Loth am I hereto that thou should'st risk thyself alone in his hands; for this Ring is a wise man and of great kin, though he be somewhat old.'

But Frithiof said he would have his own way: 'And thou, Biorn, shall be captain of our company meanwhile.'

So they did as he bade, and Frithiof fared to the Uplands in the autumn, for he desired sore to look upon the love of King Ring and Ingibiorg. But or ever he came there he did on him, over his clothes, a great cloak all shaggy; two staves he had in his hand, and a mask over his face, and he made as if he were exceeding old.

So he met certain herdsmen, and, going heavily, he asked them: 'Whence are ye?' they answered and said: 'We are of Streitaland, whereas the king dwelleth.'



Quoth the carle : ' Is King Ring a mighty king, then ? '

They answered : ' Thou lookest old enough to know that he is mighty in all wise.' The carle said that he had heeded salt-boiling more than the ways of kings ; and therewith he goes up to the king's house.

So when the day was well worn he came into the hall, and looked about askance, and took an outward place, pulling his hood over him to hide his visage.

Then spake King Ring to Ingibiorg : ' There is come into the hall a man far bigger than other men.'

The queen answered : ' That is no such great tidings here.'

But the king spake to a serving-man who stood before the board, and said : ' Go thou, and ask yon cowed man who he is, whence he cometh, and what kin he is of.'

So the lad ran down the hall to the new-comer and said : ' What art thou called, thou man ? Where wert thou last night ? Of what kin art thou ? '

Said the cowed man : ' Quick come thy questions, good fellow ! but hast thou skill to understand if I shall tell thee hereof ? '

' Yea, certes,' said the lad.

' Well,' said the cowl-bearer, ' Thief is my name, with Wolf was I last night, and in Sorrow-stead<sup>1</sup> was I reared.'

Then ran the lad back to the king, and told him the answer of the new-comer.

' Well told, lad,' said the king, ' but for that stead of Sorrow, I know it well : it may well be that the man is of no light heart, and yet a wise man shall he be, and of great worth I account him.'

Said the queen : ' A marvellous fashion of thine, that thou must needs talk so freely with every carle that cometh hither ! Yea, what is the worth of him, then ? '

' That wottest thou no clearer than I,' said the king ; ' but I see that he thinketh more than he talketh, and is peering all about him.'

Therewith the king sent a man after him, and so the cowl-bearer went up before the king, going somewhat bent, and greeted him in a low voice. Then said the king : ' What art thou called, thou big man ? '

And the cowl-bearer answered and sang :

PEACE-THIEF<sup>2</sup> they called me  
On the prow with the Vikings ;  
But WAR-THIEF whenas  
I set widows a-weeping ;  
SPEAR-THIEF when I  
Sent forth the barbed shafts ;  
BATTLE-THIEF when I  
Burst forth on the king ;

<sup>1</sup> An untranslatable play of words, *anгр* being an affix to certain Norwegian names, and meaning a bay or creek, as in Hardangr, &c., as well as grief, or sorrow.

<sup>2</sup> Peace-thief is the literal translation of Frith-thiof.

ISLE-THIEF when I  
 In the outer isles harried ;  
 SLAINS-THIEF when I  
 Sat aloft over men ;  
 Yet since have I drifted  
 With salt-boiling carls,  
 Needy of help  
 Ere hither I came.

Said the king : 'Thou hast gotten thy name of Thief from many a matter, then ; but where wert thou last night, and what is thy home ?'

The cowl-bearer said : 'In Sorrow-stead was I reared ; but Longing has driven me hither ; nor have I any home.'

The king said : 'May be indeed that thou hast been nourished in Sorrow-stead a certain while ; yet also may be that thou wert born in a place of peace. But in the wild wood must thou have lain last night, for no goodman dwelleth anigh named Wolf ; but whereas thou sayest thou hast no home, so is it, that thou belike deemest thy home nought, because of the longing that drave thee hither.'

Then spake Ingibiorg : 'Go, Thief, get thee some other harbour than in our guest hall.'

'Nay,' said the king, 'I am old enow to know how to marshal guests ; so do off thy cowl, new-comer, and sit down on my other hand.'

'Yea, old, and over old,' said the queen, 'when thou settest staff-carles by thy side.'

'Nay, lord, it beseemeth not,' said Thief ; 'better it is as the queen sayeth. I have been more used to boiling salt than sitting beside lords.'

'Do thou my will,' said the king, 'for I will rule this time.'

So Thief cast his cowl from him, and was clad thereunder in a dark blue kirtle ; on his arm, moreover, was the goodly gold ring, and a thick silver belt was round about him, with a great purse on it, and therein good store of silver pennies ; a sword was girt to his side, and he had a great fur hood on his head, for his eyes were bleared, and his face all wrinkled.

'Ah ! now we fare better, say I,' quoth the king ; 'but do thou, queen, give him a goodly mantle, and be kind to him.'

'Thou shalt rule, my lord,' said the queen ; 'but in small account do I hold this Thief of thine.'

So then he gat a good mantle over him, and sat down in the high seat beside the king. The queen waxed red as blood when she saw the goodly ring, yet would she give him never a word ; but the king was exceeding blithe with him and said : 'A goodly ring hast thou on thy arm there ; thou must have boiled salt long enough to get it.'

Says he, 'That is all my father left me.'

'Ah !' says the king, 'maybe thou hast more than that ; well, few salt-boiling carles are thy peers, I deem, unless eld has been at work over fast with my eyes.'



So Thief was there through the winter mid good entertainment, and well accounted of by all men; he was bounteous of his wealth, and joyous with all men; the queen held but little converse with him; but the king and he were ever blithe together.

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## CHAPTER XII.

### *FRITHIOF SAVES THE KING AND QUEEN ON THE ICE.*

THE tale tells that on a time King Ring and the queen, and a great company, would go to a feast. So the king spoke to Thief: 'Wilt thou fare with us, or abide at home?'

He said he had liefer go; and the king said: 'Then am I the more content.'

So they went on their ways, and had to cross a certain frozen water; then said Thief: 'I deem this ice untrustworthy; meseems ye fare unwarily.'

Quoth the king: 'It is often shown what a good heart thou hast to us.'

So a little after the ice broke in beneath them, and Thief ran thereto, and dragged the sledge to him, with all that was therein; and the king and the queen both sat in the same: so Thief drew it all up on to the ice, with the horses that were yoked to the sledge. Then spake King Ring: 'Right well drawn, Thief! Frithiof the Bold himself would have drawn no stronger had he been here; doughty followers are such as thou!'

So they came to the feast, and there is nought to tell thereof, and the king went back again with seemly gifts.

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## CHAPTER XIII.

### *THE KING SLEEPS BEFORE FRITHIOF.*

Now weareth away the mid-winter, and when spring cometh, the weather groweth fair, the wood bloometh, the grass groweth, and ships may glide betwixt land and land. So on a day the king says to his folk: 'I will that ye come with us for our disport out into the woods, that we may look upon the fairness of the earth.'

So did they, and went flock-meal with the king into the woods; but so it befell, that the king and Frithiof were gotten alone together afar from other men, and the king said he was heavy, and would fain sleep; then said Thief: 'Get thee home, then, lord, for it better beseemeth men of high estate to lie at home than abroad.'

'Nay,' said the king, 'so will I not do.' And he laid him down therewith, and slept fast, snoring loud.

Thief sat close by him, and presently drew his sword from his sheath and cast it far away from him.

A little while after the king woke up, and said: 'Was it not so, FRITHIOF, that a many things came into thy mind e'en now? But well hast thou dealt with them, and great honour shalt thou have of me. Lo, now, I knew thee straightway that first evening thou camest into our hall: now nowise speedily shalt thou depart from us; and somewhat great abideth thee.'

Said Frithiof: 'Lord king, thou hast done to me well, and in friendly wise; but yet must I get me gone soon, because my company cometh speedily to meet me, as I have given them charge to do.'

So then they rode home from the wood, and the king's folk came flocking to him, and home they fared to the hall and drank joyously; and it was made known to all folk that Frithiof the Bold had been abiding there through the winter-tide.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### *KING RING'S GIFT TO FRITHIOF.*

EARLY of a morning-tide one smote on the door of that hall, wherein slept the king and queen, and many others: then the king asked who it was that called at the hall door; and so he who was without said: 'Here am I, Frithiof; and I am arrayed for my departure.'

Then was the door opened, and Frithiof came in, and sang a stave:

Have great thanks for the guesting  
Thou gavest with all bounty;  
Dight fully for departure  
Is the eagles' feeder now;  
But, Ingibiorg, I mind thee  
While yet on earth I dwell;  
Live gloriously! I give thee  
This gift for many kisses.

And therewith he cast the goodly ring towards Ingibiorg, and bade her take it. The king smiled at this stave of his, and said: 'Yea, forsooth, she has more thanks for thy winter quarters than I; yet has she not been more friendly to thee than I.'

Then sent the king his serving-folk to fetch victuals and drink, and says that they must eat and drink before Frithiof departed. 'So arise, queen, and be joyful!' But she said she was loth to fall a-feasting so early.

'Nay, we will eat all together,' said King Ring; and they did so.



But when they had drank a while King Ring spake : ' I would that thou abide here, Frithiof ; for my sons are but children and I am old, and unmeet for the warding of my realm, if any should bring war against it '

Frithiof said : ' Speedily must I be gone, lord.' And he sang :

Oh, live, King Ring,  
Both long and hale !  
The highest king  
Neath heaven's skirt !  
Ward well, O king,  
Thy wife and land,  
For Ingibiorg now  
Never more shall I meet.

Then quoth King Ring :

Fare not away,  
O Frithiof, thus,  
With downcast heart  
O dearest of chieftains !  
For now will I give thee  
For all thy good gifts,  
Far better things  
Than thou wottest thyself.

And again he sang :

To Frithiof the famous  
My fair wife I give,  
And all things therewith  
That are unto me.

Then Frithiof took up the word and sang :

Nay, how may I  
These good gifts have  
But if thou hast fared —  
By the last way of fate ?

The king said : ' I would not give this, but that I deem it will soon be so, for I sicken now, but of all men I would that thou shouldst have the joy of this ; for thou art the crown of all Norway. The name of king will I give thee also ; and all this, because Ingibiorg's brethren would begrudge thee any honour ; and would be slower in getting thee a wife than I am.'

Said Frithiof : ' Have all thanks, lord, for thy goodwill beyond that I looked for ! but I will have no higher dignity than to be called earl.'

Then King Ring gave Frithiof rule over all his realm in due wise, and the name of earl therewith ; and Frithiof was to rule it until such time as the sons of King Ring were of age to rule their own realm. So King Ring lay sick a little while, and then died ; and great mourn-

ing was made for him; then was there a mound cast over him, and much wealth laid therein, according to his bidding.

Thereafter Frithiof made a noble feast, whereunto his folk came; and thereat was drunken at one and the same time the heritage feast after King Ring, and the bridal of Frithiof and Ingibiorg.

After these things Frithiof abode in his realm, and was deemed therein a most noble man; he and Ingibiorg had many children.

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## CHAPTER XV.

### *FRITHIOF KING IN SOGNI.*

Now those kings of Sogni, the brethren of Ingibiorg, heard these tidings, how that Frithiof had gotten a king's rule in Ringrealm, and had wedded Ingibiorg their sister; then says Helgi to Halfdan, his brother, that great shame it was, and dishonour to them, that a mere duke's son should have her to wife: and so therewith they gather together a mighty army, and go their ways therewith to Ringrealm, with the mind to slay Frithiof, and lay all his realm under them.

But when Frithiof was ware of this, he gathered folk, and spake to the queen moreover: 'War is come nigh to our realm; and now, in whatso wise I deal with it, fain am I that thy ways to me grow no colder.'

She said: 'In such wise have matters gone that I must needs let thee be the highest.'

Now was Biorn come from the east to help Frithiof; so they fared to the fight, and it befell, as ever erst, that Frithiof was the foremost in the strife: King Helgi and he came to handy-blows, and there he slew King Helgi.

Then bade Frithiof raise up the Shield of Peace, and the battle was stayed; and therewith he cried to King Halfdan: 'Two choices are in thine hands now, either to submit thyself and thy realm to me, or else get thy bane like thy brother; for methinks my side is grown the mightier.'

So Halfdan chose to lay himself and his realm under Frithiof's sway; and so now Frithiof became ruler over the Sogni-folk, and Halfdan was to be duke in Sogni, while Frithiof ruled Ringrealm. So Frithiof had the title and dignity of king in Sogni from the time that he gave up Ringrealm to the sons of King Ring, and thereafter he won Hordaland also. He and Ingibiorg had two sons, called Gunnthiof and Hunthiof, men of might, both of them. AND SO HERE ENDETH THE STORY OF FRITHIOF THE BOLD.



# RECOLLECTIONS OF AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES: HARVARD AND CORNELL.

BY THOMAS HUGHES, M.P., AND W. D. RAWLINS.



SOMEHOW or other, whenever one sets to work to paint College life, the taught always get a much larger share of the canvas than the teachers. Harvard is no exception to the rule. We all care much more about the boys' play than about the professors' work. But it is worth our while, for all that, to look in for a few minutes at a University lecture, for there is nothing quite like it yet, I think, at home. It is one o'clock, and, Lowell, Professor of Belles Lettres in the University, is just beginning his lecture on the literature of the thirteenth century, sitting easily in an armchair, behind a raised desk, in a quaint little red-brick building once the Chapel, with Dame Alice Holden's arms in the gable, telling of old pre-revolutionary times. Look round the audience. No college caps, of course, but plenty of hats and gowns, for the course of eight-and-thirty lectures is open to the world, without distinction of persons, on payment of some half-score dollars, and the ladies are not slow to take advantage of the chance. And little wonder; for the Professor's is a most fascinating combination of the written and extempore methods. First, perhaps, a reading from his note-book, but soon, closing it at some point of suggestion to his own mind, he travels off into odd nooks and corners of his subject, tersely expressing subtle distinctions between terms commonly confused, analysing, criticising, and pointing his remarks all the time with quotations from or narrative accounts of old ballads, told with all that racy humour of which he is such a consummate master. All too quickly the hour slips away, and we are out in the bright October sun again, and strolling towards the car station with some half-dozen pretty young women, armed with note-books, who have been amongst the audience. They get into the horse cars to return to town, leaving us wondering what the effect of their presence would have been in any lecture-room at Oxford in our time. The Ladies' College at Hitchin, it is said, is about to move to Cambridge; and Presi-

dent Elliot was considering last autumn upon what conditions a Ladies' College should be affiliated to Harvard University. The necessary funds for its foundation and endowment had been recently bequeathed by some New England benefactor. Such a rivalry tells of notable changes in the ideas of men, and does old and new Cambridge much credit. After all, old Cambridge may be first in the field. Who knows? The world is moving fast here too. Let it slide!

One rather expected to find in America an absence of that scholarly life of learned leisure, which is much bepraised by old-world writers, and is supposed to find a congenial home at our Universities. Perhaps it may nowadays. It was not so twenty-five years ago, or, at any rate, not to a greater extent than at Harvard. There is nothing precisely analogous to our resident fellows there, and all the professors take part in the actual work of teaching, but the atmosphere is eminently scholarly in the best sense in the society connected with the University. There are at least half a dozen men devoted to their own particular branches of study, whose reputation and authority are not inferior to that of any Englishman of kindred pursuits. The names of Agassiz, Emerson, and Lowell are European; and those of Mr. Child as an Early English, and Professor Sophocles as a Byzantine, scholar, are almost equally famous, while of the Junior Professor of Greek (Mr. Goodwin) one of the most distinguished Grecians of our Cambridge lately remarked, that he was one of the very few men in the world who could 'reason scientifically on the subject of Greek tenses.'

In the younger ranks of the staff it is pleasant to find men who have taken English degrees, and are familiar with our best English life. Mr. Everett and Mr. Anderson, who are now lecturing on Cicero and Greek Prose at Harvard, were both scholars of Trinity, Cambridge, where they graduated in honours, the former in 1863, the latter in 1869; and Mr. Henry Adams, who has lately been appointed Lecturer in Modern History, was attached to his father's embassy in London during the great civil war. Surely there was a movement here after that war for the foundation of some kind of American chairs at our Universities of Oxford and Cambridge? What has come of it? How is it that so good an idea has been allowed to die out?—if it has died out. Such appointments would soon form a tough strand in the rope which ought to bind old and new England together. It is to be hoped that the laying down and careful manufacture of that rope is going on successfully at Washington at this moment, and that statesmen on both sides will keep a steadier watch on the job in future. The suggestion that American graduates at our English Universities should be able to compete for appointments in our Indian service is worthy of far more serious consideration than it has yet received, and the difficulties are surely not insurmountable. An American engineer has already been appointed, with the most beneficial results. Why not collectors, judges, and the rest? We should sleep easy, though Russia and Germany may have conspired on the Eastern



question, if only we were sure of our own family circle, and there are few more hopeful methods of bringing that circle to a cordial understanding than the alliance of our seats of learning, and the opening of careers to all their students alike.

Perhaps the greatest charm of the English Universities lies in the splendid traditions which cluster round them, welding them so nobly into the life of the nation. The Oxford freshman who has any worthy appreciation of his 'alma mater' takes the ladies of his family, on their visit to him at his first commemoration, to the Martyrs' Memorial, and tells them of Wycliffe, and Erasmus, and Dean Colet. If his bent is political, he shows them the gallery in St. John's which Laud resigned to Henrietta Maria and her ladies when the King's standard was raised at Oxford, and visits the colleges where Falkland, Pym, Hampden, and Elliot were reared. He takes them to Addison's shady walk by the Cherwell, and to see the pictures of Raleigh and any number of other world-renowned Englishmen in the College Halls.

What equivalent can the Harvard sophomore show for all this wealth of priceless association? 'Let us live in America,' says Emerson, 'too thankful for our want of feudal institutions. Our houses and towns are like mosses and lichens, so slight and new; but youth is a fault of which we shall daily mend. This land too is as old as the flood, and wants no ornament or privilege which nature could bestow.'

But need the Harvard boy fall back altogether on the bountiful gifts of nature, or turn his face wholly to the future, and admit that he has yet to wait for traditions and associations which make the pulses quicken and the eye kindle? Let us see. Within two minutes' walk of his College yard stands the great elm on Cambridge Common by the side of which Washington unfurled the flag of the thirteen colonies in the War of Independence. Close by are his head-quarters, a charming old wooden house, now the residence of Longfellow. Within a walk on one side is Concord, where the first shot was fired in anger in the struggle which settled the future of a continent, and turned the current of the world's history. To get there he must pass the houses in which Hawthorne wrote the 'Scarlet Letter,' and from which Emerson still comes weekly to take his seat at the deliberations of the Faculty of the University. On the other side, almost within sight, lies Boston, the seed-plot of American thought, whose every street is classic ground to him who has faith in the future. Elmwood, the birthplace of the 'Biglow Papers' and the 'Lay of Sir Launfall,' stands almost within the University precincts. And now the Memorial Hall is rising, from the walls of which a scroll of names will speak for all time to Harvard students of the part which their College played in that fiery trial, (let us hope the last for the new world), by the side of which the War of Independence sinks into insignificance, in the agony of which 'earth's biggest country found her soul.' Surely such memories are a noble

heritage, and the oldest University of America may hand them down with pride to the generations of her children yet to come, as

They crowd upon her in this shade,  
The youth that own the coming years—  
Be never God or land betrayed  
By any son our Harvard rears !

*Commemoration Hymn by Rev. R. Lowell.*

From the oldest American University to the youngest is a distance of some thirty-six hours ; you really get out of the habit of reckoning by miles in the New World. Cornell lies in the north-west part of New York State, and the last part of the journey, if you go from Boston, is done by boat. Cayuga is one of the many beautiful little lakes which abound on the northern border of the United States east of Niagara. Not that Cayuga would be a small lake anywhere else. It is forty miles long, with well-wooded hills, dotted with cheerful villages here and there on both shores, but plenty of room yet for settlers who will undertake the hard work of clearing their own land instead of flitting out west, where, if they want trees, they must plant them for themselves. The lake is certainly pretty, and the south end of it strikingly so. The hills here become higher and steeper ; and, as you steam round the last point, you see the town of Ithaca lying at the extreme end of the lake, on the strip of low land which runs in amongst them, and right above the town, on the very verge of what you may almost call cliffs, some 400 feet high, stands Cornell University. Why are Old World universities never built on hill tops ? I suppose because the fighting men wanted such sites, and so pushed the thinking men down into the valleys. At any rate the experiment of setting learning on a hill has succeeded at Ithaca, for it would be hard to find a more splendid site than this. All that you see of the University from the lake as yet are three large blocks of blue-gray building, solid, handsome, and very business-like, but without ornament, and a rudimentary belfry, in which a magnificent peal of bells, the gift of a lady of Ithaca, are temporarily hung, and on which student hands already discourse excellent chimes to the listening town below.

As our little steamer neared the pier we recognised Mr. Goldwin Smith amongst the group of students and others who were waiting our arrival, taller by half a head than any of his surroundings, and, I thought, looking better than he had done for many a year. I must own that I felt prouder of England at that moment than on any other occasion during my stay in America. Here was the old home giving of her very best to the new as a worker in the bravest and most crucial experiment yet made in the higher education—freely giving what all the gold in California could not have bought. Oxford has sent her best man to Cornell, and the high and varied culture, broad Christian faith and sympathy and brave and clear thought and speech, which wrought so



great a revolution in the mediæval, are now patiently working to build up the schools and collegiate system, and to give tone and colour to the life of the youngest democratic University. But my pride was not unmixed with a strong dash of sorrow when I thought that the man who stood on that pier had been attacked in his absence and libelled at home.

As our carriage slowly climbed the breakneck rise up from the town 'This Ithaca,' said the Professor, 'is like its old Homeric namesake,

τρηχεῖ, ἀλλ' ἀγαθὴ κουρότροφος,

"a steep hill but a fine University." And here we are at Cascadilla.'

As he spoke, we drew up at the main entrance of a great square limestone block, showing a broadside of some half hundred windows. You wonder what Cascadilla is? Well, the University being bound by Act of Congress to open in October 1868, found, like some big enterprises that we know of, but with more excuse, that opening day was upon it before its house was in order. It was absolutely necessary to find the teaching Faculty at least a lodging, for Ithaca down in the valley was impracticably far away, and house-room could not be furnished in a day upon the hill-top. Luckily a speculative Company had built a big caravansary, Cascadilla Place, about half a mile south of the University, with some vain hope of making a water-cure establishment of it, and glad enough, no doubt, they were to have an unexpected chance of turning their empty venture to account. So the University has set up house in Cascadilla, and a remarkably patriarchal life it leads there. President, professors, professors' wives, and about seventy students lodge and board under one capacious roof, a regular happy family. Very likely there are discomforts. It wouldn't be pleasant to be always tied as closely to one's neighbour as one is on an Atlantic steamer. But at any rate nobody grumbles. All feel that they have come there to cast in their lot with a new institution, an experiment if you will, but they feel at the same time that, if the institution is still in the rough, it is privilege enough to have a hand in shaping and smoothing it. And brave hearts have won through such a host of difficulties in the two years past that they may well look forward now with cheerful patience to the future.

There is a large dining-hall for students on the ground-floor of this great building, and a much smaller one, dimly lighted through a skylight of blue glass, for professors and their wives. In the latter, the long printed bills of fare at every meal, and the innumerable little dishes in which your order is separately served, make you fancy for a moment that you are in an American hotel. Fortunately for the professors, the resemblance does not extend to charges, as they are, properly enough, charged only bare cost price for board and lodging.

The Reception room is on the same floor, and a very characteristic feature of the place, to judge from the 'reception' at which we had the

good fortune to be present. A sort of homely *conversazione* is a 'reception,' at which the Faculty, the students, and the neighbourhood in general meet on easy terms to fraternise and talk. The boys hung bashfully about the doors at first, but as more and more people arrived they gathered courage from numbers, and soon filled up the room. Through the throng modestly came Ezra Cornell, founder of the University, with wife and daughter on his arms, a thin-visaged, earnest-looking man, with work and patience in his face. It was an odd medley, that roomful of seven hundred. The young ladies of Ithaca had come in every known variety of dress, from simple morning stuffs to snowy muslins, low-bodied and short-sleeved, with red and blue sashes worn crosswise from shoulder to waist, and white satin shoes. Picture all this millinery moving about in contact and contrast with the sober gray uniforms or ordinary everyday clothes of the boys. Boys here, you notice, as at Harvard; smooth-faced sixteen and bearded thirty are alike content to be boys as long as they are students.

You have gone very few steps on your way up from Cascadilla to the University before your attention is challenged by a specimen of the student labour, about which we shall have some words to say by and by. The stout bridge spanning this deep sudden gorge called Cascadilla Creek, and the broad road that will take you the half mile you have to go, are the work of students' hands entirely. There is, indeed, so much practical engineering power among them that they have undertaken to build the bridge and execute the other works incidental to bringing a branch railway to their doors. Turning a corner in the road you have the University buildings before you—three substantial masses of darkish limestone, and a large temporary wooden building devoted to laboratories and workshops, all fringing the Campus or College quad of the future. That unpretending campanile on the left holds the University chimes till their belfry is built, and there the master of the chimes (one of the boys) goes through a daily routine of calls and strokes from Reveille at 6 A.M. to 'Taps' at 10 at night. The great bell bears an apt inscription composed for it by Lowell, who, besides his work at Harvard, is one of the Non-resident professors here:

I call as fly the irrevocable hours,  
Futile as air or strong as fate, to make  
Your lives of sand or granite; awful powers  
Even as men choose, they either give or take.

Meanwhile we have reached the Campus, and our curious eyes are caught at once by an object, under the lee of a big elm, that looks remarkably like one of those rough wooden monuments which abound in Roman Catholic graveyards. Surely there can't be anybody buried here? Let us go up to the spot and read the inscriptions. On one side, 'In Memory of TRIG. O. NOMETRY, who went off on a



tangent from this circle of woe, December 21st, 1869,' and on the other,

' Accursed be he who dares to dig  
The ashes of our buried Trig.'

Does the mystery still want explanation? Well, it seems that Trigonometry is a branch of mathematics which is traditionally abominable in the eyes of American students, and the Classes of Cornell, so soon as the established order of the University course has carried them past it, take this odd way of literally burying the subject.

[*To be continued.*]

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## THE SONG OF THE SIRENS.

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COME where the woods are wooing  
With fragrant flowers and fair;  
Come where the doves are cooing  
Love notes on every air.

Come where the wave is strewing  
With pink-lipped shells the shore;  
Come where the tide is flowing  
O'er golden-sanded floor.

Come where the sunlight straying  
Mellows us as we swim;  
Come where the waters playing  
Dimple each rosy limb.

Come to us, come where never  
North wind unkindly blows;  
Come to us, come and ever  
Here in our arms repose.

Come where no storms are breaking,  
Come where no tempests rend;  
Come where love knows no waking,  
Come where love knows no end.

A. STRACHAN.

# FRANCE REJUVENESCENT.

BY AN OLD M.P.



THE 'Écho du Nord' of Monday night, March 20, 1871, will be handed down to posterity, containing the following remarkable passage on the grave position in France :

'Neither the prostitution of Isabella of Bavaria nor the capture of Francis I. at Pavia, the ambition of Louis XIV. nor the childish and monstrous egotism of Napoleon I. at Waterloo, accumulated upon our unfortunate country so many menacing dangers. The horizon is darker than even in those days of mourning, when the Republic was attacked by the revolted Bretons on the one hand, and by foreign arms on the other ; for then France by raising her voice called to her aid innumerable legions of patriots intoxicated with liberty, while to-day she lies gasping, vanquished, dismembered, and exhausted alike in blood and treasure, under the heel of victorious Germany. Under such circumstances, insurrection is worse than a fault, it is a crime, a sacrilege for which the responsibility of the guilty will be great before posterity.'

We repeat the words, 'for which the responsibility of the guilty will be great before posterity.' And who are the *guilty* in this instance? Are they the agents of the Bonapartist party, desirous by occult action to re-establish the Napoleonic throne? Are they the leaders of a national party, that fear the sceptre might slip from the republican hands of the people and be handed to some monarchical family? Are they merely the hungry reckless men who look in apathetic disdain upon the fanfaronade of military and governmental display that has brought them to such straits, and wish to taste the 'blood' of supreme power for a while ; or, worse still, are they '*those guilty influences*,' as thousands and hundreds of thousands in Europe will to-day assert, embodied in the restlessly foaming spirit of the French people—a spirit which disdains to bend under the salutary order of sound government?

To whichever solution of the question we are inclined, do not let us adopt the last and throw, in wanton pharisaism, a slur upon a European



people and a sister nation, hugging perhaps to our souls the false notion of moral superiority, but let us rather in very earnest search for the '*rational reasons*' of this catastrophe, peer further into the deeper grounds of natural national development.

France 'under the heel of victorious Germany'—Paris threatened by the cannon of its own forts, manned by its own citizens—looms on a '*dark horizon*;' but still that horizon will clear, and France will rise rejuvenescent, if the French people will but see the lesson it has to learn, and if men can be found who will with unselfish earnestness and undaunted courage look for the true wants of national life and try to supply them. The sore is large, the cancer lies deep: the first must be healed, the latter eradicated. Bold and strong hands will be wanted to do the work, and to lead, regardless of tempting bye-ways, the French people—whose sound development has been neglected for centuries—into a wholesome direction of civilisation.

We have lately been making a large show of our sympathy for France: our fast sons have gone to the Alhambra, shouting the '*Marseillaise*' instead of the '*Wacht am Rhine*;' our well-to-do fathers have sat after dinner over their bottle of port, cursed those horrid Prussians, and pitied the poor French, and have actually dipped their fingers into their waistcoat pockets, drawing forth a couple of guineas or a cheque of larger amount for the immediate necessities of the suffering sister country. We now raise up our hands at the depravity of that French people that cannot be got into proper training like other respectable nations, but we never look for the cause of those *brusque* national movements, we never deem that in politics as in other things *effect* has a *cause* and *cause* a *reason*.

The *reason* of the development of national character lies, firstly, in the climatic conditions of the country; secondly, in the natural products engendered by the climatic conditions; thirdly, in the industrial pursuits created by these natural products—by *them* the reason for the cause of national development is formed. If the cause originated by the reason brings forth a sanguine, excitable, quick-witted race, moved by apparent necessity sooner than by more substantial grounds, this cause will produce its effect in the social and political aspirations and institutions coveted by such a people. That such a race is like an over-sensitive child, difficult to lead, is probable; but the more it is so the more it must be led carefully, not repressed or its high aims turned into wrong channels to satisfy them in a surreptitious manner. No nation has ever had a more incongruous development than the French: again and again have the French *people* been sacrificed at the shrine of '*La France*.' If we go back for centuries, we find no sovereign seriously concerned with measures to develop national character according to the requirements of its individual status, but we find most of these sovereigns exciting the easily moved spirits of the nation towards

foreign objects, that they might build up a vainglorious edifice of outward show, leaving the real inward consistency of the nation hollow.

Looking at the physical character of that most western country of central Europe, we must own its very formation to possess a certain grace, springing as it does from the main continent, washed on the west by the Atlantic, in the north by the British Channel, and in the south by the Mediterranean. The country is neither rendered rugged by continuous mountain ranges nor flat by unceasing plains, but its territorial ground is modulated from the low mountainous ranges in Brittany on one side, and the chalky plains of the Champagne on the other, down to the fruitful course of the Loire. Along the western shore, marshes and the salt 'landes' of Gascogne give a rougher touch; so do the sandy tracts in the south; but the horizon culminates picturesquely into the high ridges of the Pyrenees, the Cevennes, and the Alps towards the south-east, enclosing in the interior the rich districts between the garden of the Loire—'Touraine'—and the luxurious plains of the Rhone in Provence.

The three great natural products of the country consist of the vine, the olive, and the silkworm—all three forming the staple of luxuries rather than necessities, and thereby at once stamping the character of the people that cultivates these productions. Industry must follow in the first case in the train of natural produce, and the collective industry of the French people presents the features of luxurious requirements; not that a large amount of ordinary articles is not manufactured, but the generic name of the representative work of France is 'luxury.' Wines, silks, finer leather goods, delicate oils, exquisite *bijouterie*, superior paperwares, costly laces, soft carpets and furniture materials, dainty and artistic glass and porcelain works, lithographs, and a thousand productions of the higher material wants of man, come from France. Tobacco even and the sugar of the beet-root may not reckon as immediate necessities. Till the latter part of the second Empire there was not sufficient corn grown in France for its consumption: meat was not consumed in large quantities throughout the country, but luscious fish, multifarious vegetables, and aromatic fruits in its stead gave the blood a lightness which made it bound quicker through the veins.

The higher civilisation of the French people has taken the same direction; it is not the deeper philosophical studies which have occupied its brightest spirits, but those that address the human intelligence directly, as various branches of science, medicine, surgery and physics, mathematics and mechanics. In literature France is most conspicuous—in clever historical writings, in satire and comedy, and in modern times in imaginative life-pictures: in arts, painting takes by far the lead over music.

This French people, then, dating mostly from the combinations of the Romanised Celt, inhabiting a gracefully formed country, rich in



luxurious produce, overarched by the blue, cloudless, but refreshing sky of middle Europe, living on the lighter food produced by its climate—this French people required the cleverest guidance in its development—and received it not. Taking the period when all its political life under the three houses of Capet, Valois, and Bourbon ended by the close of the last century in a complete collapse of governmental institutions, what can be said had then been done to develop its peculiar tendency? Nothing; if we reckon a people to include all classes from the highest to the lowest. It is true a flourishing state of the nobility, a luxurious court, a well-fed clerical estate, a great military appearance, and a certain wealthiness among the higher bourgeoisie, shed a glory over French civilisation that was deceptive to the superficial eye of the observer; but the utterly rotten and disgraceful financial state of the country which Necker exposed to the bewildered senses of Louis XVI., when matters were coming to a crisis, showed that one portion of the nation had grown fat on the destitution of the other, and that that other had been partially blinded to its own pauperism by the bright gewgaws of military glory.

The nobility and clergy had the country pretty well between them, the royal estate consuming the remainder. How 'le tiers-état' did manage to bear all the burdens heaped on it is a marvel. The nobility paid no 'taille' or ground rent, no 'corvées' or way tax, had no military obligations, no billeting upon them, but merely a slight 'capitation' tax to meet; they monopolised all court places and rich livings. The clergy owned, by the end of the seventeenth century, 180,000 feudal estates; 249,000 farms; 1,700,000 acres of vineyards, besides a portion of the produce of another 400,000; 600,000 acres of fields; 900,000 acres of meadow-land; 245,000 waterwheels in mills; 1,800,000 acres of forest; 1,400,000 meadows; most of the ground had besides to pay tithes, and Necker computed its income at 130 millions. When Necker made his computation, he said that 'le tiers-état' had, with the exception of one-thirtieth, to bear all burdens, that it could occupy no places, had no political personality, and that even the narrow constitution of the towns and the confining spirit of the guilds and corporations kept that 'tiers-état' in bondage, and did not allow it to develop itself according to the material wants of the age. Whatever Bossuet, Massillon, and Fénelon might preach of Christianity and humanity, it did not reach the right ears, and when Voltaire, Helvétius, and Rousseau said, in however different terms, 'Tous les hommes sont égaux,' the people found a ready outlet for their suppressed vitality.

The imposts had besides been farmed out to forty-four general contractors who employed for their collection 250,000 individuals. The salt tax or the terrible 'gabelle,' the tax on tobacco, the inland revenue, the excise, and the corn tax weighed beyond endurance upon the people. The 'gabelle' made it possible to earn fifty shillings of our

money within one hour, by transporting salt from Brittany to Maine. Smuggling flourished and was carried on in spite of all punishment. Burdened like this the people became furious at the extravagances of a Dubarri and a Pompadour, and Louis XV. 'acquits à comptant' had much to do in the beheading of Louis XVI. and the death of thousands of innocent men and women.

With one fell swoop the Revolution swept away the wickedness and incompetence of those who had, unrestrained by the salutary influence of a representative assembly of the nation, mismanaged its property, misguided its development, and neglected its instruction in any higher tendency of dignified independent freedom.

Here guilty and innocent had to suffer together, as they have still to-day, for again to-day, eighty years since that great catastrophe, we stand before the bleeding hands of the French people and ask again, 'Why and wherefore?'

And if the historical circumstances were not known to us, would it not be natural for us to ask: 'Did that great period of revolution not teach a better development to the French nation?' *What* would be the answer to such a question? No; or the 'Écho du Nord' would not contain that passage on March 20, 1871. But where does the guilt lie? It lies with those who will not study the idiosyncrasy of a people, but who will use their literary or other talents in preaching a false tendency, actual personal freedom, without state restraint. It lies with those who, mounting to the highest point of governmental authority in France, cannot subdue personal desires for the good of the people. It lies, too, with other nations and also with us, who in doubtful friendship have smoothed over the palpable faults in the direction of the policy of one man, the third Napoleon, and liking him for his cleverness, for his Napoleonic ideality, for his military mastery over such apparently turbulent elements, encouraged him by our tacit approval in a course that must have brought about the present catastrophe.

Till the French nation becomes individually developed it will ever be prone to be forced under a single rule. After those extraordinary exertions made in the Revolution, it was easily absorbed by the military brilliancy of Napoleon: it had to submit for a time to Louis XVIII. and Charles X., and to the evasions of their charters, and landed under Louis-Philippe's promises in a quieter sphere. Venality took the place of military glory, again a revolution ensued, and again one man absorbed the nation. This one man had a great chance, a mighty chance, and on his shoulders rests a great responsibility—could Napoleon but have forgotten that he was Napoleon; could he but have seen before him the French people and not 'La France;' could he but have stoutly resolved to leave glory and the halo of political interference alone, and have applied those lessons, he had learned in our country, of self-development (however faulty it may still be) in another shape to the excitable people he was to govern!—The *coup d'état* and all the



aggressive measures Napoleon took to reach the acme of power can be pardoned much sooner than the wasteful use made of that power. Very stout Britons, freeborn Britons, will say to-day, 'anything is good enough to keep them down.' Is it so? Is repression good for elasticity? will elasticity not rebound and overrun its limits?

What was the teaching of those twenty years? Apparently glory attended the very footsteps of the throne, the financial position became doubtful, but Paris became finer and finer. M. Thiers, speaking in 1865 of the passion of extravagant building, and of the rising of the national debt by millions, warned the Assembly of it in La Fontaine's words :

Tout bourgeois veut bâtir comme les grands seigneurs,  
 Tout petit prince a des ambassadeurs,  
 Tout marquis veut avoir des pages.

The various wars of the second Empire cost millions; but more than that, and far worse, they carried the eyes of the people away from home, from home wants and home subjects. While Napoleon said on February 14, 1867, in reference to the Mexican expedition, that 'To regenerate a people, implant among them ideas of order and progress, to open vast outlets to our commerce, and leave the recollections of services rendered to civilisation to mark our path; such was my desire and yours —' the Minister of Instruction brought up the statistics that 51, 61, and 67 men, and 75, 80, and 98 women in 100 were in many departments not able to sign the 'Marriage Register.' Army organisation was at the same time actively pursued; but there, in those two statements, in Napoleon's grand words about civilisation and ideas of order, and in the poor contrast of the paltry education given to the people, lay the gist of the question of French wrong development.

It failed, and we stand before a sad spectacle, almost fearing for the rejuvenescent strength of that people that is in the throes of another modification. Fear not, glance courageously over to those turbulent men, and let their want of opportunity ask forgiveness for their sins. France needs men—statesmen who have big brains and stout hearts, who will go radically to work to calm, not to repress, those seething human masses. Meet them—those men of the communes—and ask their wants; meet them with statesmanlike boldness and prove to them that they will be dealt by fairly; it is all you can do now. If again military repression is used, if again apparent quiet ensues, if again the old wild ways of superficial civilisation are pursued, there will again be outbreaks, and the day may come, that came for other countries, when France will *really* lose her prestige. But take France now—take her bleeding and sorrowing, and see what you *can* do with her; not in anxiously evading difficulties, but in meeting them. Why have taken the Assembly to Versailles? Why offend the sensitiveness of the metropolis, that has not disgraced the French name in its

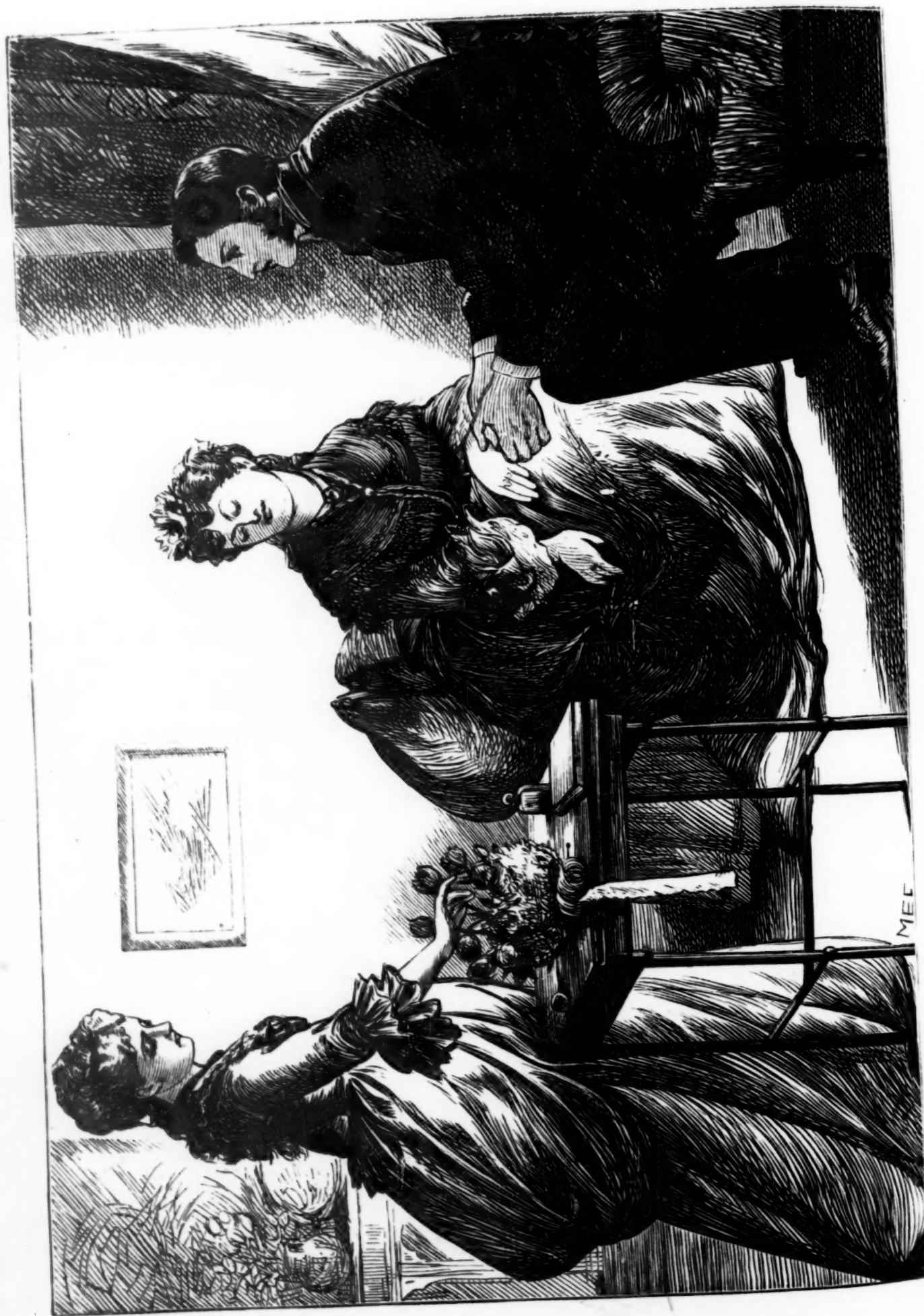
need? Why be afraid of the insurgents? Show courage and good faith, and lead the people as it should be led. Financial operations will, as it is, tax the cleverest brains, but hand in hand now must once for all go the determined purpose to erect schools, to give education to all; to raise up the minor clergy of the country to a higher standard; to allow free meetings and free speech, and to originate a press that will not pander to the wild desires of unrestrained licence, but will respect 'humanity,' and create ideas beyond those of naked 'socialism.' The French working classes of Paris, the most excitable of the whole French population, have a peculiar status: half educated, clever, speculative, they have had nothing to guide them but the grossest materialism. Religion they have little, nor have they seen it much respected, if observed, by their superiors; no light shines in the eye of the minor clergy, who ought to be the friends of the poor man, and who are now scoffed at by the sceptical philosophy of their hearers. General instruction or a large interest in politics are equally foreign to the Parisian workmen; they dance and attend cheap immoral theatres, they come into little contact with soundly educated men, and read little but loose novels or wild socialistic newspapers; they have none of our outlets for superabundant vitality and yet they possess more of that vitality—it *must* at last grow into grotesque shapes and fight its own kind. The whole army system wants remodelling, the whole governmental machinery a wider basis, and the principles of moral and educational light applied particularly to those country districts whose inhabitants played so sad a figure lately. Ignorance is the mother of crime: useful knowledge the father of morality. It would be far better if all the wise spirits in Paris had found something else to do than proscribe Germans from their clubs, their counting houses, and their streets—they were paltry measures; far better would it have been had those rich and clever people kept the material and moral wolf from the door of Montmartre and Belleville. There is no doubt that France is materially rich enough to bear its heavy burdens, but not with half measures, with hesitation, with repression, with military glory. Can such men be found, who will do more for the French people than for 'La France,' and will teach it to take for its watchword not '*La Gloire*,' but '*Le Devoir*?'

[To be continued.]









DRAWN BY M. E. FIDLER

"TAKE CARE WHOM YOU TRUST."



# TAKE CARE WHOM YOU TRUST.

BY COMPTON READE.

## CHAPTER III.

### SOCIETY CHORAL.

BLANKTON is musical. The influence of its cathedral, if not religious, is mildly artistic. People, who in less ecclesiastical places would dance, are here content to sing. The grand centre, therefore, of all sociality is the Shire Hall, where ladies and gentlemen assemble for the practice of part-music, under the able conductorship of the cathedral organist. On these occasions Mrs. Dean is lady paramount. No one has the hardihood to dispute her authority as arbitress of taste; least of all the organist, who, with much mental reservation, is ever prepared to eat his own words, it being his especial function to *kow-tow*. More honest is Mrs. Dean. She believes in herself, and accepts the consequences of such belief smilingly. Great is her power, but it is wielded from conviction rather than caprice. The evidence of her senses, she asserts, goes to prove that the music she prefers is best. Therefore it is best—a form of argument, by the way, hardly confined to one sex, so we must not be uncharitable.

It was the will of this able lady that the Blankton Choral Society, of which she was foundress, should be open to all grades of citizens. Practically nothing much lower than shopkeepery managed to enter. Subscriptions were conveniently high, lorgnettes too potent. Nevertheless there was some small admixture of *ple*, with ecclesiastical, and blue blood in these meetings. The cathedral choir, both boys and men, were *ex officio* honorary members, or in plainer words, obliged to attend against their will. From a musical point of view they were the backbone of the Society. Indeed, without their aid the performances would have been simply ludicrous. Not that Mrs. Dean, and her fellows, the lady-singers, were prepared with any such admission. They held, on the contrary, an unexpressed opinion, that the trebles would gain in quality by the elimination of 'those screeching boys;' whilst young Hawder, lieutenant in the regiment quartered in Blankton, entertained sentiments akin to hatred towards respectable Mr. Botham, basso profundo in cathedral, whose pedal utterances completely drowned his own less potent pipes. Often did he stoop to take a mean revenge

in the pianissimo passages, which the honest professional conscientiously observed. Then, indeed, a listener might catch somewhat of the flavour of 'shoulder hums,' with which this energetic young vocalist was wont to electrify the privates of his corps. What matter if the organist frowned imploringly, or gesticulated furiously. What matter if the effect of the passage was marred. Mr. Hawder was gratified in that his voice was heard for once; a fact which he chose to regard as a legitimate triumph over the adversary, Mr. Botham.

Vocalisation apart, this was by no means a bad fellow. A trifle over military in style, he rejoiced in the sterling common-sense which characterises most men of his profession. His manner was so agreeable as to render him a positive social good; and if in conformity with existing usage his conversation savoured of scandal, it was never venomous, and invariably good-humoured. Soldier-like, he was attentive to the fair sex, not so much by way of duty, as because of wholesome appreciation. We may observe this amiable trait in his character as he leans over the chair of Miss Block, the eldest unmarried daughter of Canon Block, a young person between thirty and forty, whose tongue must assuredly at one time have been steeped in acetate of iron.

It is the rehearsal for the open night or concert of the Choral Society. A chill autumn evening. Some of the ladies are vested in morning costume, others in demi-toilette surmounted by wraps. Of the entire chorus a majority are present, the female element being exceptionally punctual. There is a good deal of unrest, owing to sundry copies having been mislaid. The organist and secretary appear distracted. The company generally split up into twos and threes, placidly gossip, or vacuously yawn, whilst a feeble enthusiast in spectacles is with great difficulty endeavouring to pick out a tough tenor passage on the piano in the centre of the room. Mr. Hawder and Miss Block would seem to be good friends. At all events they have selected a position sufficiently remote from the rest to justify confidences. The lady is not a little fascinated by the society of a young *militaire* undeniably handsome.

'So very charmed that we have at last one voice from the barracks,' she remarks. 'I began to believe that army music was confined to military bands and kettledrums, and that sort of thing.'

Mr. Hawder smiled. 'What would you say if I were to assert that ladies never get beyond the vapid nonsense of Brinley Richards? Martial music is as popular with us as the tickle-and-tear school of pianoforte writing in most drawing-rooms. Nevertheless, some of you aim higher. So also do some of us. The proportion, I should say, is about equal in either case.'

'You have plenty of time on your hands to study art if you choose,' she rejoins.

'I don't quite know about time, but I can assure you that examinations have quite suppressed all desire for study, whether of art or of



anything else in the army. Our only books, you know, are woman's looks.'

'Nonsense, Mr. Hawder.' And Miss Block failing in an attempt to blush, begins to scan the room through her glass. This is not effrontery on her part. She is shortsighted, and an aid to vision is necessary. 'A very fair library for you to read,' she adds, 'among that bevy of damsels.'

'Unfortunately I don't know their faces,' he replied. 'I wish you would translate for me.'

This was true, for the regiment had but recently been moved from Aldershatt. He had attended in all but some half-dozen practices, and this was the first *levée en masse* of the Society.

'Well, I will do what I can. I will tell you the name of each and all, if you like. Their natures I must leave to experience. Begin your catechism; I am all attention.'

'Hum! Let us start with the mammas. Who is that very vivacious woman attired in red?'

'Hush! Not quite so loud.' No one could hear; but Miss Block was ambitious of being observed on the whisper with so very eligible a *parti* as Mr. Hawder of the —th Fusileers. Who after this dare call her *passée*? She would show certain bread-and-butter misses, her especial detestations, that the style of womanhood could be preferred to that of the schoolroom. 'That dress is not red, but *cerise*, and the wearer is the potentate of Blankton.'

'Mrs. Dean?'

'Yes; and the mamma close to her with the five daughters in blue is Mrs. Archdeacon. She was educated in a chandler's shop, and plays all sorts of eccentricities with the vernacular. The girls are very proper. Dorcas Society people, and that sort of thing.'

'Rather cold objects to contemplate at any time, and especially at this temperature. Why is it that all public rooms always smell of damp dust?'

'Give it up. Do you call that young lady pretty in the green velvet costume dress?'

'You don't surely mean the young person next to the girl with golden hair and blue eyes; eh? Why, of course she is painfully plain.'

A fact, be it remarked, Miss Block was fully cognisant of. There are some women, however, who will lay any trap, if only to hear the sweet assurance that some one of the sisterhood is uninviting. Said she, 'It is Miss Hart, the great Blankton heiress. She has five thousand a year, which I may observe is something towards gilding a not very brilliant brunette complexion, and a defective figure.'

'She appears to labour under a hump.'

'No, no; a slight curvature. Besides which, it is most uncharitable

to laugh at bodily defects. Miss Hart is very amiable, and deserves a better fate than is destined for her.'

'She certainly looks admirably adapted to make an excellent wife for—well, a respectable Christy Minstrel.'

Miss Block laughed, but at her own thoughts. 'You are perhaps not so very far from the truth. Do you see that very repulsive clergyman, who is seated by Miss Hart, but seems nevertheless to be entertaining the fair girl with golden hair?'

'Yes. And I have my own opinion as to the propriety of talking across a lady. It is a common clerical error.'

'Take care. I always do battle for our cloth. However, I must make this one exception, for I dislike the man. His name is Blackley—Horace Blackley—and he is engaged to five thousand a year and Miss Hart.'

'Hum! Rather cool of him to keep up such a marked flirtation with the other girl, then. By Jove! I beg your pardon, but she is very pretty. You don't often see such eyes.'

Although Miss Block could not blush, she could flush. There was a very disagreeable twinkle in her own small eyes as she acquiesced in Mr. Hawder's eulogium of the golden-haired girl's orbits. If you want to insult a woman, praise another woman to her face. Such was not the intention of this gentleman, but he was young, and of small experience.

'A very strikingly beautiful face,' he continued; 'such a seraphic expression when in repose, and yet such marvellous play of feature.'

'Better still,' sneered Miss Block, 'she is not slow. Mr. Horace Blackley and Miss Adine Sinclair are very old allies, although he is an engaged man. However, I must not tell tales out of school.'

'What can she see to admire in such a fellow? 'Pon honour, I begin to think that the uglier the phiz, the more attractive it seems to the fairer portion of your sex.' And Mr. Hawder stroked his moustache with the air of a martyr to good looks.

'I don't imagine,' said the lady meditatively, 'that she has lost her heart to that gentleman, although I could tell a strange story if I chose about those same two people. Oh no! she is flirting desperately with him for two amiable reasons: first, to annoy Miss Five-thousand-a-year; secondly, to provoke to jealousy a certain individual with a very thick skin, on whom she has flopped her young affections, as the song has it.'

'Good! This is interesting: a game of cross purposes. Pray, who is the elected swain of the fair Adine?'

'Look round this way. Do you see that broad-shouldered, fine-animal sort of person, in the clerical coat? He is much too interested about discovering the missing copies to pay much attention to Miss Sinclair. In short, a very unromantic piece of goods.'

'Why, that must be Lovett surely. Dined with us at mess. Good



fellow. Sings well, too, when he isn't croaky. Canon, or something, I fancy.'

'Minor canon,' hissed Miss Block, emphasising the 'minor.'

'Ha! yes. You don't seem to like him?'

'I don't *know* Mr. Lovett,' retorted Miss Block. 'Of course you are aware that he is not exactly in society?'

'Indeed! Why not? We thought him very good style.' Mr. Hawder was really puzzled.

'Oh! the minor canons somehow never are received—at least,' correcting herself, 'never in our set.'

'But you seem to know the same people that Lovett is in with?'

'Not well. We do not visit Miss Effler, who is Miss Sinclair's aunt and duenna; nor do I know much of the young lady. Mamma thinks her too fast. My small acquaintance with her is through my youngest sister. They were at school together in Brighton, and got up one of those foolish affairs, a school-girl friendship.'

'Don't you know Miss Hart?' enquired Mr. Hawder, mischievously.

'Yes, of course. She is very nice in her own way. Besides she is really almost above one on account of her large fortune. The only bore about her is, that one has to tolerate that odious Mr. Blackley.'

'Isn't he in society? He don't look the sort of man we should care to keep in our corps. But, then, I suppose it's different in the Church.'

Miss Block quite stared. 'Of course Mr. Blackley is received. Why, he is the son of the well-known stockbroker! Some day he will be a sort of millionaire; and as it is, his papa has just bought him a big living somewhere. It cost I can't tell you how many thousand pounds! I do not like him, but he is very eligible.'

'Well, but if he is so overcharged with coin, why ever didn't he make his running with that pretty girl there, instead of tacking his life on to such a miserable—'

'Hush! Miss Hart is my friend. I can't answer your question. Mr. Blackley assuredly at one time must have had a sort of chance of Adine Sinclair, and everyone believes to this hour that he is in love with her; but then, you see, he is fond of money, and——'

'Yes! Is money the only reason?'

Miss Block, however, seemed to have tired of cross-questioning, for she muttered something about the rehearsal being about to commence, rising at the same time to join the rest. It is a judgment on gossips, that very often a gossiping conversation takes an awkward turn. If this young lady had been content to talk commonplace, she could easily have monopolised her cavalier, who, to tell the truth, was not over-gratified at this abrupt termination to their *tête-à-tête*. He was beginning to be interested in Miss Adine Sinclair. That such was the case had not escaped the quick perception of Miss Block, for his eyes were fixed very attentively on the beautiful face, which seemed to be smiling on Mr. Blackley. Hence *amour propre* was outraged, and she

determined to tell him no more about the young lady, Nevertheless, with apparent inconsistency, yet perhaps not altogether without design, she said, facing him with a half-satirical smile, 'I must introduce you to Miss Sinclair, I think, Mr. Hawder.'

'Thanks,' he replied; 'but I thought you were hardly on terms?'

'Oh! yes, sufficiently so, I assure you.' And Miss Block moved across to Miss Hart, with whom she shook hands cordially, Mr. Hawder of course following in her trail.

'I want one word with you, dearest Louise,' she whispered aloud. 'Mr. Hawder, please excuse me for a minute. Stop though,' she added, as she passed her arm through Miss Hart's. 'I must not leave you desolate. How do you do, Miss Sinclair? Will you take care of my friend Mr. Hawder, whilst I impart a small confidence to Louise? Thanks. Mr. Hawder, Miss Sinclair.'

And without noticing Mr. Blackley, Miss Block marched off, leaving Mr Hawder to do the polite to the belle of Blankton.

In less than a trice the handsome officer and Miss Adine were well on towards a flirtation. Mr. Blackley bit his lip and retired; whilst, strange to say, Mr. Lovett, who hitherto had appeared perfectly callous as to the attentions of one man, now began to cast glances uneasy at another. The truth was he was vain enough not to be jealous of ill-looks, but quite enough in love to be alarmed lest the very attractive ways of a graceful gentleman might work him mischief. There was no engagement between himself and Adine Sinclair. On the contrary, he had hesitated to propose out of an honest regard for her. She was penniless, he poor. To-day, however, had made a change in his prospects. He was vicar elect of Mudflat. He had at least a humble home to offer her, and she had evinced quite enough of partiality to induce him to believe that she would accept it. As yet no one knew of his fortune. He had resolved to tell Adine Sinclair first of all, and to follow up his news by a proposal. Having such an intention, he was almost angry to see her so very complaisant to Mr. Hawder, whose attentions were marked enough. Oblivious of the fact that, from a mistaken sense of duty to the Choral Society, of which he was treasurer, he had left her for some twenty minutes to amuse herself as she could, in a fit of pet he demanded of the organist, why the rehearsal did not begin. He wished the entire army at Jericho and the Fusileers further still. The reason of the delay was obvious enough. The chorister boys, from some unexplained cause, had not yet condescended to put in an appearance, and the organist was fully aware that the trebles were simply nowhere without the aid of his boys. At length, however, he took out his watch, and, after much instigation by Mr. Lovett, tapped the desk with his *bâton*, announcing that he proposed to run through part of the programme at once. Accordingly there was much rustling of silks and stuffs, and shuffling of boots as the singers proceeded, in obedience to orders, to arrange themselves in squadrons according to voice. As



young Hawder filed off to the other side of the room to join the basses, Mr. Lovett fancied he observed a shade pass over the face of Adine Sinclair, as if she had already begun to appreciate him. It was the veriest illusion; but love is jealous, and this man was over head and ears in love.

The Blankton Shire Hall you might from its designation judge to be a noble Gothic pile, the *hôtel de ville* of the city. It is nothing of the sort, being in fact a very low dingy room, with a floor in waves, and a flat ceiling. Its exterior is stucco; its interior wash, called, for civility's sake, white. In order to impart thereunto a quasi-heraldic character, some fatuous mind has besprinkled its cornices with small coats of arms. Their significance is obscure. At the end of the hall hangs a full-length portrait of a person strongly resembling an attorney's clerk with a roll of deeds in his hand. The remaining walls are bare of all ornament. The entrance, except perhaps on extraordinary occasions, is decorated with a mop, a pail, and a flannel. In this hall the human frame undergoes processes in some respects analogous to those of the Turkish bath. To one entering the chill even in summer is thrilling. Slowly but surely gas and animal heat combine to raise its temperature to boiling point. Whereupon windows are flung open on either side, admitting a thorough draught of the most deleterious kind. On emerging you become aware that the seeds of bronchitis or pneumonia are firmly sown in a constitution unable to endure experiment.

The hall's acoustic properties are about on a par with its architectural pretensions. The designer—you cannot call him architect—must have been the veriest hater of music generally, of vocal music in particular. An entire absence of resonance renders it impossible for the voice to produce an effect. You may excoriate your throat, or burst a bloodvessel, but you do not seem to yourself to be audible ten yards off.

As soon as the chorus had discovered their copies, and had been 'hished' with difficulty into a state of attention, the organist gave the preliminary beats, and the trebles led off with the glorious strain of old Wilbye:

Sweet honey-sucking bees, why do ye still  
Surfeit on roses, pinks, and violets?

As a body very feeble were these trebles, very uncertain, and extremely apt to quarrel with the altos for treading on their heels. Nor, alas! did bees ever indulge in suction to such variable tune, the high notes being uniformly flat, the low notes in proportion sharp. Down came the conductor's *bâton* with indignation on his desk, and they prepared to start afresh.

'Come, Miss Sinclair,' cried the musician cheerily, 'we must ask you to render us your valuable aid.'

The truth was Miss Sinclair had been fidgeting with her copy instead

of singing her part. Mr. Lovett looked at her reproachfully. In matters of music he was a martinet; to him the chorus-singer was a slave to the conductor's beat. Hitherto Miss Adine had quite risen to his notions of artistic propriety. She not only could sing—and she was the only woman in the room who could—but she sang *con amore*. Her remissness to-night he put down to the score of Mr. Hawder, and felt sulky and injured accordingly.

Miss Sinclair gave a little sweet blush, and joined with the rest in their second attempt at Wilbye's madrigal. Somehow, however, she felt flustered. Mr. Lovett had avoided her, and her little heart was set on Mr. Lovett. It was all very amusing to flirt with other men, but then—perhaps, if Mr. Lovett had guessed what she was thinking about, he would have found an alkali for his acid. The upshot of her thoughts being remote from the music was, that instead of leading, with her tell-tale tones her sister trebles correctly, she went to decided grief; they of course following her.

'Dear, dear,' muttered the mild organist, 'this won't do at all. We must hark back. And, if you please, ladies, do pay some little attention to my beat.'

Most happily for the suffering musician's peace of ear, a clanking of thick shoes was heard outside, and in stalked the chorister-boys. Their *sangfroid* was perfect. They did not attempt an apology for coming half an hour after time. At their head marched smilingly one Master Ralph, a graceful boy of fifteen, with a countenance girlish in its delicate prettiness, and possessed of a voice which would have made the fortune of many a would-be prima donna. To him the organist was rather sarcastic than severe. He looked as if he should like to administer *toco*; but that was quite out of the question for a boy of Ralph's calibre. Lay a finger on that young person, or indeed irritate him by your words, and every anthem would go wrong for a week. The organist was at his mercy, for he was the soul of the choir, and the semblance of authority but shadowy. Yet Ralph was honourable in his way. A stranger who heard him sing had given him a tip of precious metal after service, and the generous-hearted lad had spent it in taking his friends in the choir to see a circus. As it was, they had to come out in the middle of the performance in order to attend this rehearsal; but Master Ralph made up his mind that, irrespective of time, he would witness the extraordinary feat of Dick Turpin's ride to York, and he accordingly took on his own shoulders the weight of his instructor's displeasure.

The Blankton Choral Society, with the effective aid of Master Ralph and his colleagues, ran merrily through the entire programme. There was no more halting utterance; the organist took pains with his boys; they were good readers, excellent timeists, and quite capable of steering any number of ladies through the intricacies of madrigal writing. Perhaps if our sisters, whose education in music is so costly, were



taught to read, they might do as well as these boys, despite their weaker vocal organs. To effect such a result, however, we must have a total change of system. The ignorant harpies who, under the magniloquent designation of 'professors,' prey on our ladies' schools—men as a rule of shady character, and most flash accomplishments—these rogues must be deposed in favour of properly qualified instructors. Surely it is hardly to the interest of parents to risk their daughters' affections being affixed to a vulgarian, who is probably married, and whose pronunciation of the letter 'h' is so much a matter of difficulty, that he has to affect a quasi-foreign mode of speaking English to disguise ignorance; still less to pay valuable consideration for no further result than mischief.

They say that music has charms to soothe, and the case of King Saul is quoted appositely enough to support the assertion; they say also that the exception proves the rule. Mr. Lovett then stands in the position of an exception, inasmuch as a selection from the old Elizabethan school, relieved by exquisite conceptions of Pearsall, and H. Smart, with a few German part-songs, were not adequate to compose his ruffled feelings. Great, broad, honest soul! flirtation, the playing at falsehood, to him was a sin. He chewed the cud of ill-temper. Adine Sinclair was not to-night so perfect in his eyes, although so dear, that he could have rent his clothes, or been guilty of any similar insanity in the interests of tailors, from sheer vexation of spirit. In short, the demon jealousy had begun to rage. Horace Blackley he had known at college, and from his heart despised. Mr. Hawder, with whom he had fraternised at mess, he now began to fear and hate. As for telling the young lady the news of his translation to Mudflat—news which had filled his breast with hope—he could not in his present state of mind. Almost he doubted whether he could ever ask that, which might be accepted in levity, or even perhaps refused. Accordingly, as soon as the organist had concluded the practice, and having deposed his *bâton*, retired into very private life—his main object being to slink out before he could be collared by some female magnate—Mr. Lovett, darting one reproachful glance at the enquiring eyes of Adine Sinclair, which seemed to say, 'Do come and be kind,' beat a hasty retreat, leaving Messrs. Hawder and Blackley in possession of the field.

Don't, if you please, fair readers, judge the gentleman harshly!

'Still waters run deep,' and a matter-of-fact man is not necessarily devoid of sensibilities. We may, perhaps, accept a verdict of 'not nice' all the more readily because we have a secret contempt for 'nice' men. He shall appear to greater advantage ere long.

Miss Block with promptitude retook possession of her officer, who was told off to escort her and her party to the mansion in the Close. Miss Hart glanced round to find her engaged swain once more at Miss Sinclair's side. Not for long, however, for some small utterance having passed, causing the fair face to frown angrily, Mr. Blackley returned to Miss Hart, and was for once exceptionally tender.

## CHAPTER IV.

## A RESPECTABLE SINNER.

THE strictures of Miss Block on the Rev. Horace Blackley were not wholly unmerited. No man can help being ugly, and indeed ugly men are not unfrequently exceedingly good hearted; if, however, you meet a man, whose repulsive countenance is in harmony with his moral nature, you are wise to keep out of his way. *Hic niger est; hunc, tu Romane caveto!*

At the University Blackley was over-dressed, slangy, and to all appearance extravagant. His intimates knew that he had an innate love of vice, with a more than ordinary lust after money. His betting and his billiards paid; he was perpetually 'landing' round sums, more particularly out of freshmen. This bump of acquisitiveness was inherited from his father the stockbroker, who, if report spoke aright, possessed the same talent for 'landing' the coin of other people. After taking his degree, he acquiesced very reluctantly in his father's desire that he should embrace holy orders. It is, indeed, an extraordinary circumstance that many men who have lived a life of avarice, if not of usury, should earnestly wish their sons to adopt the clerical profession. The fascination of a white tie is unaccountable. They surely cannot imagine that by forcing a man into a profession for which he is unfitted he is likely to be better. Perhaps ten per cent. on capital invested, and an improving security, or, in other words, the chance of buying an advowson cheap, may have its weight; or it may be the notion of social status attaching itself to the incumbent of a plethoric rectory. Be that as it may, Mr. Blackley the elder insisted on his son prefixing 'Reverend' to his classical prænomen, and the son obeyed in fear.

Sometimes the effort to insert squares in circles only magnifies angularity. Seldom or never does it succeed in rounding them off. Horace Blackley, when he found himself, as curate of a fashionable Brighton church, expected to act the part of saint, began to study hypocrisy as a science. Indeed he had an ulterior motive: conscious of his own unprepossessing appearance, he was ambitious nevertheless of marrying well. Rank or money would suit him. To beauty he was by no means insensible, yet he banished the idea from his calculating brain as a delusion and a snare. He flung himself into society, hoping, by means of an easily acquired reputation for earnestness, to attract some member of the weaker sex. London, too, is conveniently within range of the Sussex downs, and nothing could be easier than to take an occasional holiday, when the 'parson and the don' being temporarily deposed, he found his old haunts all the more enjoyable by reason of restraint. So well did he play his cards, that he very nearly suc-



ceeded in captivating a lady of high position, not indeed with himself but rather with a creed of which he simulated the visible incarnation, when an untoward accident upset his little game.

He fell in love.

A certain Miss, or Mademoiselle, Lagrange, as she prefers to style herself, takes, on the strength of her French name, a limited number of young ladies to finish their education. The number never exceeds half a dozen, and the finishing consists in flirtation with different masters of different degrees of demerit, and a modicum of mild society. Miss Lagrange's establishment was situated in Horace Blackley's district. Being so, she felt it alike a duty and a privilege to invite that truly faithful man—so she termed him—to tea and turn-out. The truly faithful went with mingled feelings of anger and disgust; nevertheless, having come to scoff, he remained to indulge in a passion, which so completely absorbed his nature, that it made him for a few weeks a true man. He cut the seductions of the metropolis; he took to preaching his own sermons—a great disimprovement by the way; he returned, anonymously of course, several sums, which he had arrived at during his university career indiscriminately. In a moment of recklessness he even went so far as to give his *own* money away to the poor, and he published a very moral tract on 'Simplicity,' dedicated, to give it an odour, to a dowager duchess of narrow means, and narrower mind. Above all, when his father wrote and stated that, if his son approved, he proposed to buy him, with instantaneous possession, a very sweet thing in preferment then in the market, Master Horace positively replied that he had conscientious scruples on the subject of the barter of ecclesiastical property, and begged respectfully to decline.

Very incredulous was old Blackley. 'Doesn't like the place, I suppose,' he grunted. 'Ah! well, it's no great matter. They asked too much money for it. We shall pick up something cheaper, and just as good in the long run.'

The object of Mr. Horace Blackley's adoration was Miss Adine Sinclair. She was at that time one of Miss Lagrange's pupils, and a very restive one too. Sweet sixteen is attractive in itself. Sweet sixteen also is mischief-loving. No sooner did the young lady discover the impression her eyes were making on Miss Lagrange's faithful man, than she set to work, *pour s'amuser*, to initiate a determined flirtation. She and her superior were on terms of mutual defiance. It occurred to the little playful brain, that n thing could succeed better in setting up Mademoiselle's back than an *affaire de cœur* between herself and the pet parson, whilst it would be extremely difficult even to whisper disapproval. Accordingly she wrote to her aunt—of whom more anon—who acted as her guardian, regretting her profound ignorance of divinity, and requesting instruction in that study. She hinted that the pupils had received much benefit from the discourses of the Reverend Horace, son and heir of the well-known city man, Blackley.

The name of the rich broker produced the proper effect. 'Sly minx!' thought her aunt. 'Fallen in love with young Plutus. Very good idea of hers to get pleasant *tête-à-têtes* with this eligible *parti*. She is certainly pretty, and her eyes may do execution.' A letter to Miss Lagrange, indited in very sanctimonious phrase, regretted the ignorance of the rising generation on the most important of all branches of knowledge, and went on to suggest, as her own idea, that it would be well if her dearest Adine had instruction of some theologically minded clergyman—say, of that treasure the rising preacher, whose recent publication on 'Simplicity' revealed such depth of feeling, combined with a profound acquaintance with orthodox doctrine. Mademoiselle, who was predisposed towards her Blackley, fell easily into the trap, and a volume of the Judicious Hooker having been purchased, the lady with the French name put it as a personal favour to the curate, that he would devote two hours per week of his precious time to the catechising and information of Miss Adine Sinclair.

Mr. Horace was more 'than amazed; he was intensely gratified. Luckily, he had ground up the Judicious for the episcopal examination, and thus was able to treat the matter *au sérieux*. Armed with a damask-rose and spray of stephanotis, furtively concealed in cotton wool, he betook himself to the Lagrange dwelling, and was presented to Adine, very demure, and apparently involved in the perusal of a work, whose leaves inadvertently were uncut.

Great was the schoolmistress's belief in parsons, or perhaps she would have listened at the door. She could do so; more especially in the case of the music-master, for whom she entertained a concealed and ill-requited attachment, and of whom she was morbidly jealous. 'May I venture to see,' asked he, bending over the young lady with an offensive leer—'to see the passage you are—ahem!—engaged upon?'

Miss Adine in reply shut the book with a bang. 'You don't imagine,' she cried merrily, 'that I am going to plod through this kind of dry-as-dust?'

Don't be too severe upon her, Propriety! She was only sixteen. Of course Mr. Horace Blackley was anything but aggrieved. He meant to have mingled judgmentally sour and sweet, Hooker and love-making. The entire elimination of the acid seemed a very pleasant prospect. He took her hand, and after a little simple chatter, harmless enough in its little way, produced his pretty flowers, which evoked a flash of gratification—flowers always do in young girls, even from the hand of an enemy. There must be an affinity between the two sweetest things in nature.

A worse diplomatist than this man would have gone too far. He was wise enough to perceive that this was all innocent play, and that if he began making a declaration of the state of his feelings the coach would be upset. Vanity whispered that she was distinctly attracted



by him, yet there was a something in her manner, which kept him from exceeding the broad bounds of a lively flirtation. A very charming hour he spent; but when at its conclusion he was emboldened to kiss the tips of her fingers, it was rather mortifying to hear her ringing laughter.

He meant it.

To these hours on Tuesdays and Fridays he looked forward with eagerness. Love was changing the man's very tone of thought. The world found Horace Blackley so delightfully suave, that it began to vote him an excellent fellow. Slippers increased, and he amassed sermon-cases enough for a whole rural deanery.

Adine Sinclair's confidante was the youngest Miss Block, who also was being finished. This girl was plain. She was devoted to her darling Adine; but, not having any admirer in the flesh—she had several creations of imagination—was inclined to be envious. Still in the case of budding girlhood romance is sacred. She was quite prepared to aid and abet in its accomplishment. Now Miss Adine Sinclair had a high spirit, and was apt to chafe at discipline, more especially at that form of it, which is adopted by old maids. At first she had designed to utilise Horace Blackley as an engine of annoyance for Mademoiselle Lagrange. Unluckily, that gentleman was so accomplished an actor, that suspicion never crossed the brain of the lady, who, instead of increased hostility, began to be obnoxiously patronising. At last Adine, wearied of an intrigue, which was utterly purposeless—for she entertained no feeling beyond a liking for this lover of hers—and still more bored by the monotony of school-life, arrived at the singular determination of making a *tabula rasa* of Mademoiselle, Horace Blackley, and the entire environment of circumstance.

They say that fact is stranger than fiction. Certainly, few authors would dare to indite such improbabilities as one reads now and again in the papers.

This harum-scarum young lady, in short, made up her mind to retire surreptitiously from the Lagrange supervision, and to make use of Mr. Horace Blackley in order to attain that desirable end. Little Miss Block, believing, in spite of protestations to the contrary, that her dearest friend was devotedly attached, and that it was to be the most delightful of adventures in love, readily promised her aid, although she had a good cry at the idea of separation from Adine.

Mr. Horace himself was not quite so manageable. He had a large amount of cunning, plus some *savoir-faire*.

To aid a schoolgirl run away seemed to his mind, infatuated though he was, rather an absurdity. He talked common-sense, till she fairly lost her temper, for the fair sex detest the interference of matter-of-fact beyond all things. This decided the question. He was too much her slave to refuse obedience. Then, too, her eyes looked so beseeching

He quite believed that the coy damsel meant to make a runaway match; why, he could hardly say.

One evening the whole house of Lagrange was thrown into commotion by the sudden seizure of Miss Block with hysterics. This young person's emotion was truly violent. She screamed herself purple. She bit Mademoiselle till that respectable female gave utterance to the strangest English—such certainly as had never before been heard from her severe lips. She succeeded in smashing much crockery, and altogether acted her part heroically. Under cover of this fire Miss Adine slipped out, joined her faithful Horace disguised as a military man, and was half-way to London before she was missed.

The sequel of this episode was, as may be anticipated, painful. To sport with the real heart-whole affection of any human being is emphatically cruel. Adine discovered, to her horror, that she had inspired a full-grown man with a deep passion. He at least was in earnest. For her sake he had placed himself in a very equivocal position. He told her so, and begged that she would respect his deep devotion. All in vain. The silly girl had to confess, that she meant nothing—that she could only regard him as a friend. He knelt to her, and whispered the real truth, how that her love had purified his whole being, how that its loss would turn him, not into a bad man as heretofore, but into a very bad man. Alas! sixteen is very ignorant of men. All her response was a feeble admonition not to be so silly.

They drove to 'The Langham,' where they engaged rooms as Mr. and Miss Smith. Adine locked herself into her apartment, and indulged in a hearty flow of tears. She had good cause for reproach, for Horace Blackley, maddened beyond endurance, sought relief in drink, and the next morning presented an appearance at breakfast, which caused her to shudder for the wrong she had done.

'Put me into the train for Blankton,' she said, 'and for Heaven's sake go back to your duties, and forget me. No one need know, that you were the partner of my journey yesterday.'

His answer was somewhat different from that she could have anticipated. 'Adine Sinclair,' he murmured hoarsely, 'you have deceived me. You have injured me most heartlessly. Look in my face. Am I the sort of man to forget, or forgive a great wrong? I shall have my recompense for this, sooner or later!'

'Pooh! Do your worst!' she cried, for her high spirit rose at his words.

'Recollect,' he said coolly, 'you have compromised yourself. I need not say how; or what interpretation the world would put on the last twelve hours.'

'You will damage yourself more than me,' she rejoined, 'by informing against yourself. I am not a clergyman.'

'Nor I an unmarried young lady. No, I am not going to publish to



the world my own idiotcy, Miss Adine. Nevertheless, some day you will love. Perhaps even now you do love. Anyhow, I can wait for that day, when I shall disappoint your hopes, as you have crushed mine.'

She hid her face in her hands.

When she looked up, his hand was on the door. 'I have ordered a carriage to take you to the station,' he said. 'The porter will procure you your ticket, and a seat in the lady's carriage. *Au revoir.*'

As she met his gaze she read what a bad heart she was now in the power of. Her *escapade*, from first to last, was worse than a crime. It was a blunder.

*Du reste.* Mr. Blackley kept his word. Not a soul suspected that he had been the cause of her flitting. Miss Lagrange of course was enraged, and the sudden appearance of Adine in Blankton made a nine days' wonder; Miss Effler laughed heartily at that, which she was pleased to term her niece's force of character, and took her to London for music lessons; divinity was somehow avoided, until one day the uncut volume of Hooker cropped up, with its silent accusation, over which Miss Effler made very merry indeed.

The reader will now understand the elder Miss Block's dark allusion to Mr. Hawder about Adine Sinclair. The poor girl was in the power of Horace Blackley. His engagement to Miss Hart—an affair much of avarice, more of pique—which happened shortly after, did not alter his evil intentions. He took a grim delight in making her feel the bit. Above all, she had cause to tremble lest he should come between her and the man whom she really did love.

## CHAPTER V.

### UNACCOUNTABLE.

It must not be supposed, because Mr. Lovett devoted time and energy to his parish, to the cathedral, and to musical art, that therefore he was averse to society. Certes, musicians, if tinged with apolausticism, are gregarious enough. He was not pleasantly placed as regards a section of the Blankton community. Beyond that dull line he was acceptable enough, being equal to tea for the sake of attractive womanhood; nay more, his conversational powers were capable of average tension. Not that he was a prime favourite with the sex. He did not affect overmuch piety—good as he really was—so missed popularity with the serious; nor had he one grain of the gay deceiver in his composition, so failed to please the girls of the period. For all that, his sterling worth was recognised by one. One heart was his, and that heart he had in firm faith prized above rubies.

For some time he had been a constant visitor at the house of Miss

Effler, Adine Sinclair's nearest relation, and guardian. This lady, although an old maid, differed widely from the majority of her variety. In person she was obese, with a loud, almost jolly, laugh, and an amazing love of admiration. Her theory was that she could marry anyone. Let a man show her a small amount of civility, and she construed it into attention. She possessed a life interest in property to a considerable extent, and lived well up to her income. Perhaps it was the consciousness of pecuniary advantage that induced an idea of her acceptability with the stern sex. With the exception of that amiable weakness, she was tolerably hard-headed, indeed in business matters singularly acute; nevertheless, one vein of eccentricity is apt to pervert the whole mental system; and this was the case with Miss Effler.

It is the morning after the rehearsal. Adine Sinclair does not feel quite up to the mark. She has now no confidante into whose listening ears to pour her troubles. Miss Block (the youngest) cooled of her ardour of friendship long before she married an ancient widower of large means, and settled down into very staid sobriety. Her elderly aunt was nobody's intimate, and assuredly not so towards her niece—your boisterous persons are of all most unsympathetic. She is seated at the piano in the drawing-room, a delicious old-fashioned chamber relieved from dinginess by various elegancies of her own manufacture. Mendelssohn has been her study, and her mind seems allured to his plaintive fancies, for she has much to distract her, and hope is unpleasantly jostled by a kind of nameless dread. Her thoughts centre on Mr. Lovett, of whose promotion not a whisper had reached her, but around this centre Horace Blackley, and his threat of vendetta seems to hover.

Thought she: 'If he should dare to abuse me to him'—him is the usual expression of woman's deification—'if he should dare, I will tell my tale to Louise Hart.'

Then she reflected, that after all Horace Blackley did not care a rush for Miss Hart, also that the rôle of mischief-creator was beneath contempt. In short, she fell rapidly into a brown study.

To her, thus involved in cloud, enter Miss Effler *tempo di marcia*, smirking jauntily, and full of import, as though bursting with a secret.

Such an interruption would awake the mesmerised. Adine faced right about, with 'Well, aunt, and what is your news?' She perceived intuitively that something was to be revealed.

'I've been, my dear, to matins in Cathedral,'—triumphantly.

'Yes? And—and what was the anthem?'—drily.

'Psa! What do I know about anthems? Some horrid little wretch shrieked something about a panting hart. One surely doesn't go to church for the sake of anthems!'

'Well, aunt?'—meekly.

Miss Effler in lieu of replying burst into an inane giggle—a perfect anachronism in laughter. It would have been perchance becoming



forty years back; now it gave her rather coarse features a slightly porcine expression. Evidently she was in high exaltation of spirits. So strange was the manner assumed, that her niece could but regard her with suspicious curiosity; more especially as, advancing a step, she began to whisper, but inaudibly.

‘Whatever is this mystery of yours, aunt dear? I am burning to hear it.’

‘Hum, I have got a surprise—such a surprise for you, my dearest child. However, after all, there’s nothing new under the sun, nor under anything else for the matter of that!’

‘Very well, I am quite prepared to be intensely surprised,’—ironically.

‘You pert Miss! However, I prophesy you will laugh on the wrong side ere long. Mr. Lovett will not tolerate girls in his house, I can assure you, unless they are very mindful of their Ps and Qs.’

‘Mr. Lovett, aunt! This is indeed a real mystery. I am not aware that I am ever likely to enter Mr. Lovett’s house. In fact, I was told on good authority—that is, he said, he lived in lodgings.’

Miss Adine, however, in spite of this disclaimer turned first ashen, then scarlet, then ashen again. Could it be that Mr. Lovett had formally petitioned for permission to pay her his addresses? Dared she hope as much? The beautiful thought caused the little heart to begin to thump, the lovely eye to grow strangely lustrous.

But Miss Effler instead of vouchsafing a response continued vacuously on the broad grin. Then Adine’s temper began to feel impatient.

‘I wish, aunt, you would be so very kind as to say what you do mean!’

‘All in good time, my child’—this with dignity. ‘However, as what I am about to announce concerns you only in an indirect way, I don’t think there is any just cause for your over-anxiety. No doubt the question of your home here will be amicably settled for you. One more mouth to feed don’t signify, especially a little one. Besides, some day you may find a husband for yourself—who knows? I used to fancy there was something between you and young Blackley. However, Miss Hart has intruded there with her five thousand a year. Never mind, there are as many fish in the sea as on the shore.’

Miss Sinclair’s eyes doubled in size. ‘Aunt,’ she cried, ‘you amaze me. I am bewildered.’

‘Then you haven’t the sense I gave you credit for. As if you didn’t see all along how the land lay. *We* perfectly understand each other, I assure you.’

Adine gave a little irritable stamp with her foot. ‘Pray, who is *we*?’ Bad grammar, but intelligible.

‘We, my dear? How absurd you are! Why of course Mr. Lovett and I.’

Very pale was Adine as she faltered, ‘Mr. Lovett, aunt—and you, aunt—I am fairly puzzled.’

Whereupon Miss Effler's visage assumed a serious and an offended expression. 'You will be pleased, my dear niece,' she observed, 'to consider Mr. Lovett as my affianced husband. I met him this morning after service, and—a—the affair is arranged.' There was a peculiar hesitation about this speech, but it might be only the halting of pomposity.

Adine was silent from sheer surprise.

'He is coming to call after luncheon,' continued Miss Effler loftily; 'and——well, girl, whatever makes you look so odd? Eh?'

'Aunt, it is impossible!'

There was that in the bright girl's face, which was most tell-tale of pain. It was the first shock to the centre of her nervous system, and a very severe shock too.

'Impossible? Nothing of the sort. What does a slip of a child like you know of men—or of women either?'

'I do know this, aunt, that I utterly refuse to believe that Mr. Lovett has—has——' and the tears began to flow apace, and the young bosom to heave convulsively.

'Why not, indeed?' snorted Miss Effler. 'Surely there are some men in the world who have the good taste to prefer full growth to embryo, women to girls! Mr. Lovett is emphatically a man.'

'He must have taken leave of his senses,' sobbed Adine.

'Senses!' shouted she irate old lady; 'senses! You conceited creature, what are you whimpering about? Come now, you don't mean to have the effrontery to tell me to my face, that Mr. Lovett ever gave you to suppose that he admired you? You are not by any means his style. I am.'

The self-sufficiency of her aunt's speech, coupled with an involuntary glance at the 'style' of her dress and figure, which was a combination of ostentation and fifteen stone, caused an hysterical reaction in the young lady. For all her tears she could not help laughing.

It was Miss Effler's turn to be surprised now. 'I—I do not perceive anything to laugh at,' she exclaimed.

But Miss Adine could not coincide with this sentiment. Therefore, not to offend by her varied emotions, she hurried from the room, leaving the elder lady in a state of fume.

As soon, however, as she was alone, tears supplanted smiles. Her aunt, for all her occasional oddness on the subject of mankind, of which Adine was fully aware, would hardly venture on such an astounding assertion as the one just heard without foundation. She had never known her equivocate. It must, then, be true. And yet—to believe such a libel on her ideal would seem to be base. Mr. Lovett had paid her attentions more than marked. She had felt, too, that sort of sympathetic intelligence, which tells a maiden that she holds the love of her love. His shyness in not making a full avowal she had forgiven. He was poor, and doubtless feared lest Miss Effler's authority should



defeat a clandestine, or prevent an open engagement. Her idol she had indeed accredited with the purest of motives, and now she heard that he was about to marry a woman old enough to be his mother. What for? Money, perhaps. She was penniless. Her aunt—oh! no. It could not be that. Had Mr. Blackley poisoned his mind? She remembered his coolness of the previous evening. Was it intentional? She hardly dare trust her thoughts.

Poor heart! a bitter hour to spend alone. How ever could she receive him? All was so changed. It seemed a refinement of cruelty to intrude upon her sorrow so soon. She gazed out at a brilliant day, which illumined the asters in her window, to think an old and a sweet fancy of hers. To her mind the sunshine was always true—ill fate, she refused to believe, accompanying his brilliant rays. Her nature was implete with love of the beautiful, and to such light and warmth are more than adjuncts—they are necessities, and welcomed fondly. Yet if the bright morn forbad the extinction of hope, bitter and angry were her thoughts. The sun was no sedative. Indeed pride once roused seemed to be predominant over every other feeling, and to nerve her to exertion. She made a most careful *toilette*, taking the utmost pains to look her very best; and so, with a beaming smile, she tripped to meet the soul whom she was trying to steel herself to hate.

On re-entering the drawing-room she found him already arrived, and chatting amicably to her aunt, who was displaying signs of unusual animation. About to speak words of congratulation, her voice very nearly failed her. She contrived, however, to cover a slight confusion of manner by a most winning smile.

Said Miss Effler sarcastically, 'Is your headache better, my dear?' 'My dear' is an infallible token of latent malice, when uttered in a 'company' tone.

'Thanks,' replied Adine, 'I am quite well—never better in fact—and quite ready to felicitate Mr. Lovett on his prospects.'

A little unintentional, perhaps unavoidable stiffness, Miss Adine!

As for Mr. Lovett he was astounded. Who could have told her about Mudflat? Perhaps the Dean had told the Blocks, and so it had come round.

'Thank you very truly,' he replied with warmth. 'I can say with truth, Miss Sinclair, that I am on the way to a happier life than I ever dreamt of. A change, you know, when the old ways have grown to be irksome, is so very hopeful. One takes a fresh start. Above all I must confess, that after years of solitary durance in lodgings the prospect of a home of one's own, and a nice garden, and pleasant surroundings, and, and——' Mr. Lovett positively blushed as he hesitated how to end his sentence. A tender blush too.

But Adine was by no means disposed to help him out of his little difficulty. His words sounded to her ear little short of impertinence. It required an effort to conceal her pique.

'I am sure you will find everything *en couleur de rose*,' cried Miss Effler, who applied every word he said to herself.

'Ah, yes, exactly,' responded he, inattentive to the purport of her remark. He could not take his eyes off Adine, and yet there was something in her face expressive of antipathy rather than sympathy.

'I hope, Miss Sinclair,' he stammered clumsily enough, 'that you will approve of my new *pied à terre*. A good position in society, a moderate income, and a sphere of happy usefulness, form together a bright future.'

But Adine was only too discomposed at words, which she regarded as an apology for heartlessness. Besides, under the circumstances his manner seemed too intrusive. She turned aside, feigning to be preoccupied with some flowers on a side table.

There was an awkward pause, for Miss Effler was anything but pleased at his every utterance being addressed to her niece. She had honestly expected to monopolise the good-looking clergyman, whereas Adine's 'impossible' began to appear very like truth even to a mind clouded by vanity.

At length Adine enquired listlessly, when he thought of making this happy change he spoke of. She preferred this periphrastic method of expressing an ugly fact.

Mr. Lovett was a little nettled by her cool tone. 'In a month or so,' he answered simply enough.

'That is rather short time for the necessary preparations. However I wish you every happiness.'

She addressed her remark in a tone of cheery uninterestedness to both her hearers.

Miss Effler frowned, and looked rather foolish. 'Adine, you don't appear very sympathetic,' she murmured.

'I'm sure,' blurted honest Mr. Lovett, who was getting downright vexed at this curious turn of affairs, and to whom the face of Mr. Hawder occurred, 'I'm sure I do not court sympathy. I certainly hope that some people, whose good wishes I value'—this with emotion—'will rejoice at my change for the better. Of course I leave old associations—old remembrances. One can but live one's life once, and therefore every fraction of it has its proper value. I have my past, as well as—as my future.'

At all which Adine smiled sweetly, although there was war in her little heart. She regarded him for the nonce as a shameless hypocrite. It was on the tip of her tongue to ask plump the exact date of the happy event, when the door was flung open and the servant announced:

'Mr. Horace Blackley.'

[To be continued.]







DRAWN BY S. SALAMAN.

"THE END OF A MONTH."



## THE END OF A MONTH.

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THE night last night was strange and shaken :  
 More strange the change of you and me.  
 Once more, the old love's love forsaken,  
 We went out once more toward the sea.

For the old love's love-sake dead and buried,  
 One last time, one more and no more,  
 We watched the waves set in, the serried  
 Spears of the tide storming the shore.

Hardly we saw the high moon hanging,  
 Heard hardly through the windy night  
 Far waters ringing, low reefs clanging,  
 Under wan skies and waste white light.

With chafe and change of surges chiming,  
 The clashing channels rocked and rang  
 Large music, wave to wild wave timing,  
 And all the choral water sang.

Faint lights fell this way, that way floated,  
 Quick sparks of sea-fire keen like eyes  
 From the rolled surf that flashed and noted  
 Shores and faint cliffs and bays and skies.

The ghost of sea that shrank up sighing  
 At the sand's edge, a short sad breath  
 Trembling to touch the goal, and dying  
 With weak heart heaved up once in death--

The rustling sand and shingle shaken  
 With light sweet touches and small sound—  
 These could not move us, could not waken  
 Hearts to look forth, eyes to look round.

Silent we went an hour together,  
Under grey skies by waters white.  
Our hearts were full of windy weather,  
Clouds and blown stars and broken light.

Full of cold clouds and moonbeams drifted  
And streaming storms and straying fires,  
Our souls in us were stirred and shifted  
By doubts and dreams and foiled desires.

Across, aslant, a scudding sea-mew  
Swam, dipped, and dropped, and grazed the sea ;  
And one with me I could not dream you :  
And one with you I could not be.

As the white wing the white wave's fringes  
Touched and slid over and flashed past—  
As a pale cloud a pale flame tinges  
From the moon's lowest light and last—

As a star feels the sun and falters,  
Touched to death by diviner eyes—  
As on the old gods' untended altars  
The old fire of withered worship dies—

(Once only, once the shine relighted  
Sees the last fiery shadow shine,  
Last shadow of flame and faith benighted,  
Sees falter and flutter and fail the shrine.)

So once with fiery breath and flying  
Your winged heart touched mine and went,  
And the swift spirits kissed, and sighing,  
Sundered and smiled and were content.

That only touch, that feeling only,  
Enough we found, we found too much ;  
For the unlit shrine is hardly lonely  
As one the old fire forgets to touch.

Slight as the sea's sight of the sea-mew,  
Slight as the sun's sight of the star :  
Enough to show one must not deem you  
For love's sake other than you are.



Who snares and tames with fear and danger  
A bright beast of a fiery kin,  
Only to mar, only to change her  
Sleek supple soul and splendid skin ?

Easy with blows to mar and maim her,  
Easy with bonds to bind and bruise ;  
What profit, if she yield her tamer  
The limbs to mar, the soul to lose ?

Best leave or take the perfect creature,  
Take all she is or leave complete ;  
Transmute you will not form or feature,  
Change feet for wings or wings for feet.

Strange eyes, new limbs, can no man give her ;  
Sweet is the sweet thing as it is.  
No soul she hath, we see, to outlive her ;  
Hath she for that no lips to kiss ?

So may one read his weird, and reason,  
And with vain drugs assuage no pain ;  
For each man in his loving season  
Fools and is fooled of these in vain.

Charms that allay not any longing,  
Spells that appease not any grief,  
Time brings us all by handfuls, wronging  
All hurts with nothing of relief.

Ah, too soon shot, the fool's bolt misses !  
What help ? the world is full of loves ;  
Night after night of running kisses,  
Chirp after chirp of changing doves.

Should Love disown or disesteem you  
For loving one man more or less ?  
You could not tame your light white sea-mew,  
Nor I my sleek black pantheress.

For a new soul let whoso please pray,  
We are what life made us, and shall be.  
For you the jungle and me the sea-spray,  
And south for you and north for me.

But this one broken foam-white feather  
I throw you off the hither wing,  
Splashed stiff with sea-scurf and salt weather,  
This song for sleep to learn and sing—

Sing in your ear when, daytime over,  
You, couched at long length on hot sand  
With some sleek sun-discoloured lover,  
Wince from his breath as from a brand:

Till dreams of sharp gray north-sea weather  
Fall faint upon your fiery sleep,  
As on strange sands a strayed bird's feather  
The wind may choose to lose or keep.

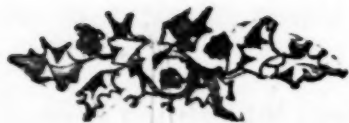
But I, who leave my queen of panthers,  
As a tired honey-heavy bee  
Gilt with sweet dust from gold-grained anthers  
Leaves the rose-chalice, what for me?

From the ardours of the chalice centre,  
From the amorous anther's golden grime,  
That scorch and smutch all wings that enter,  
I fly forth hot from honey-time.

But as to a bee's gilt thighs and winglets  
The flower-dust and the flower-smell clings;  
As a snake's mobile rampant ringlets  
Leave the sand marked with print of rings;

So to my soul in surer fashion  
Your savage stamp and savour hangs;  
The print and perfume of old passion,  
The wild-beast mark of panther's fangs.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.





## THE PEOPLE'S EDUCATION.

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UNDER the title of the people of England—*populus Anglicanus*—we must suppose to be meant every man, woman, and child of the inhabitants of Great Britain, and if we therefore pronounce the word 'people's education' we might apparently include under that head *all* the means that have been and are used for the purposes of education. Casting our eyes over those means, both historical and present, taking in the learned universities, the many grammar schools, the glorious public schools of England, dating their existence from the first foundations of Saxon kings, their most encouraging increase from that fruitful educational period, the 'Tudor times,' and bringing down to our own age their actual activity, we find one glaring fact opposed to us—that all these means have been used for *one* portion of the *populus Anglicanus*, the male portion only, and that all endowments for superior culture have been absorbed by it. If therefore some of the papers of higher tone rail against the frivolity of female society, and against the incompetency of female management, they must look for the reason to the utter want of educational means in a broader sense, in reference to the female portion of the community. Not till we come down in the social scale to the working classes, who send their children *for charity* to the parish school, or still lower to the pauper population of the 'workhouse,' is the female element recognised and do we acknowledge that both sexes have a claim upon society for education.

The want of means for female education has been recognised by an able educationalist, Mr. Fearon, in his report to the Royal Commissioners; and lately another able educationalist, the Right Honourable Lord Lyttelton, while presiding over the Victoria Discussion Society, remarked that this absorption of endowments by the male portion of the population was most apparent in reference to Christ's Hospital, where the proportion existed of one thousand boys to some twenty or so girls!

If we therefore intended by speaking of the 'people's education' to review the means in existence for the education of the higher and middle classes, we could only refer to that of boys and young men; but the term 'people's education' has become the exponent of something else—it expresses the education of those classes who can either not pay adequately

or not at all for the education of their children. In that sense we must take 'people's education,' and on that foundation was framed the Bill which was carried last year; a period when the conscience of the governing classes of Great Britain expanded sufficiently to see the necessity for giving the future generation of the poorer classes a chance of living a life of higher purpose. This measure recognised the female element in education, and in the establishment of the principal medium, 'The School Board,' to carry out its provisions, it went even so far as to allow female direction. Women came forward, not flauntingly, not carrying in their hands the flag of freedom from restraint or equality of rights, but modestly, gently, and firmly to say that as girls would have to be educated women might be supposed to have a voice in the matter; and women were elected as members of boards. Now, therefore, in speaking of 'people's education' we speak of male and female alike.

To bring forward and carry a Bill for the 'education of the people' in England was a Herculean task; till then Government had trusted to the efforts of Christian kind-hearted men and women to give some portion of their time and some part of their money towards the establishment of schools, in which the children of those who have to bear the brunt of every day's heavy toil without adequate remuneration might be taught that which would fit them for useful life. But the horizon becoming enlarged, the fact became apparent that if the State wanted good citizens it must do something towards such an object among those classes that are not free agents. A man was at last found, who tried to unite the discordant elements of English individuality into a firm basis, and brought forward an Educational Bill. How this Bill was fought over we all know; but now that it has been carried we ask—How will it operate? what will it, or its working medium the School Boards, do for its efficient action?

A Board is a reunion of men, and in this case of women, who being thought, one and all, to be acquainted with the particulars of some question, are to legislate on it; possessing the benefit of the different views of its various members. Most Educational Boards were elected on the faith of the general high character of its members, or of their ability in some branch or other of knowledge, but perhaps most had as yet to learn the lesson of 'Education.' That all, one and all, were earnest in the cause needs no proof, but there is something more wanted than earnestness in any cause, and that is experience. The London School Board, the light which in some measure must become the beacon for the Country Boards, is composed of men and women whose names carry weight—they **have** all been active—but much weight becomes heavy and often stultifies action. And action we want—large, expanded action; action in all directions, not hindered by pusillanimous considerations, but spurred on by the fact that hundreds of thousands of poor ignorant children are wallowing in the



moral filth of London back streets and yards, and that they are waiting to be redeemed. In all cases where soundness of deduction is required statistics are necessary; they are the proof of the positive state of affairs, but when new measures have to be carried out, embodying new ideas, there is a danger that overcrowding of statistics may impede the direct view necessary to perform boldly the task set. Time has already been lost and although we may be sure that the utmost activity is used at the weekly meetings and in the sub-committees, still questions have been occupying the time of the Board that ought to have been shelved for the present, to wait on their betters, or referred to Committee.

The people's education means large airy-built houses, with spaces for playground adjoining; a not too extended time for instruction, and good sound teachers to give it.

Supposing that the houses have not yet been thought of, because all the statistics about existing schools had not yet come in, what has been done for the playground, the instruction, and the teachers?

First of all, elementary schools must take up attention. Industrial schools are a further development of the system and have as yet no right to occupy the time of Board or Committee: they cannot come in the first plan, or the simplicity of its construction will be muddled and marred. Elementary schools, then, we want first, and it can take but little time to know in which districts there must such be built, and consequently to begin where the greatest need exists. The very building of the schools will have a beneficial influence on the neighbourhood.

The playground is merely a name for physical exercise, but a very important one. Various opinions have been mooted on the subject. Decidedly the school must have a playground: wherever there are children there ought to be play; that is, the free exercise of the limbs without restraint. It refreshes the circulation, has a beneficial effect on the brain, and accelerates its action. But to give purpose to the physical exercise, to infuse into the human muscle something like regularity and determination, let children be drilled—a short quick drill. Those children will do their school-work with more regularity and determination also; you cannot too much assimilate the healthful action of the mind to the healthful action of the body, and the play and drill taken in the school precincts have a far more enlivening influence than the noisy turbulent games in the streets, the only playground London children possess. Instruction may appear the most important of all the items in the people's education, but it is not the only one. Instruction has two objects: one to fit the recipient for the work of life; the other to fit him or her to use that life rationally. The first embodies *reading*, or the ability to understand the thoughts of others by signs; *writing*, or the ability to make our thoughts known to others in signs; *arithmetic*, or the ability to compute the representative signs of quantities. But those three are rather learnt as means to understand

other instruction than as instruction itself, and it is in this other instruction that we often fail in reference to children. The mere ability to read, write, and do sums, as it is called, will leave a child's mind empty; you must also teach the child to apply the three and give it sufficient general knowledge of nature above, below, and around it, of the outlines of the history of the race it belongs to, and of the laws by which nature works. These things may sound grand, but they are not so; they can be simplified to any child's mind, and only those who have thus instructed children instead of cramming them with useless facts know how sweet was the fruit their exertions bore. The second object of instruction, *to use our life rationally*, is one of the most important of the day's questions: it comprises the two subjects of 'religion and pleasure.' The connection of these two may appear incongruous at least, even irreverent; it is not so. Religion and pleasure are the holiest influences of our being: the former is to lead our minds upwards, and make them acquainted with that spiritual existence whose power we have to submit and conform to; the latter is to bring us into connection with the harmonious agencies that may relax our close attention to actual labour. There is no worse guide than false religion and no greater curse than false pleasure; there is no more elevating principle than pure religion and no more strengthening exertion than rational pleasure. Neither can be neglected in the people's education. Pure religion, however various may be the opinions on any School Board, is simple in application; the judicious reading of the Bible must be recognised by us as Christians, and if the School Boards have any jurisdiction over the teachers, they ought to be able to leave indirect religious teaching in their hands. But beware of permitting the learning of long Scripture lessons by heart; single verses that stand out in bold relief may be thus acquired, but the custom to allow children to learn by the most troublesome exertion chapters, and then rattle them off without meaning, is subversive of all religious feeling. For our advocacy of religious teaching we may find many supporters; not so for teaching rational pleasure. And yet how important is it to teach the child's mind early, that to throw off restraint, in whatever sense, is not pleasure! The greatest agency for pleasure is 'singing.' We cannot expect instrumental music to be taught to large masses of children, but we can expect singing to be taught to them, and it is a foundation-subject in all German schools. To give tone to 'National Education' this cannot be overlooked, and we must trust that those who framed the Bill and those who have the carrying out of it in their hands will not refuse this boon to the people's children.

The next consideration we here wish to refer to is that of the 'teachers.' There is scarcely anything we could say sufficiently strong to draw attention to the inadequate remuneration, the inferior position, and the difficult path of teachers. Teachers' semi-



naries ought to be taken in hand with the utmost energy, and such plans provided as will give us strong, well prepared men and women, who can look forward to a rising career, backed by their abilities and exertions, and who above all do not only acquire sufficient knowledge to pass the necessary examination, but learn, as part of their profession, that most difficult art, 'Good Teaching.' Against the system of 'pupil teaching' we are entirely set; it is radically bad, and prevents those who take up teaching as a life's occupation from becoming such strong and active members of the profession as they otherwise would be. There ought to be various classes of teachers.

The last point is the attendance of children at the schools; but as the schools are established for the *children* and not for the parents, embodying the principle of our duty to the community, it simply resolves itself into the necessity of 'compulsion;' not directly legislated for by Government, but broken in its direct application by the orders of the School Boards. If it be against the character of the English nation to compel it to educate its children, it is not against its spirit to want to get its money's worth, if rated for it by the School Boards.

AMELIA LEWIS.



## ALCIBIADES.

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*Note.*—Lysander told Pharnabazus that the sacrifice of Alcibiades was necessary for the safety of that form of government which had recently been established in Athens. . . . A band of armed Phrygians was sent to surprise and destroy Alcibiades. Such was the fame of his prowess that these timid assassins durst not attack him in broad day or by open force. They chose the obscurity of night to surround and set fire to his house, which, according to the fashion of the country, was chiefly composed of light and combustible materials. . . . He snatched his sword, and, twisting his mantle round his left arm, rushed through the flaming edifice, followed by his faithful Arcadian friend, and by his affectionate mistress Timandra. The cowardice of the Phrygians declining to meet the fury of his assault covered him with a shower of javelins. But even these barbarians spared the weakness and the sex of Timandra, whose tears and entreaties obtained the melancholy consolation of burying her unfortunate lover.—Gillies' 'History of Greece,' ch. xxiii.

He leans upon her breast, his own, his loving one,  
 Timandra! Twinèd in those arms, forgot  
 Alike his cares, his crimes, and the rude din  
 Of workday strife; all for a moment gone,  
 And love remains supreme. The kisses rain  
 From lip to lip, with mutual ardour fired;  
 The while his form, exposed so oft in fight,  
 Half covered or caressed by the fine gold  
 That clung in amorous tresses for his joy.  
 Love prompts, Love acts, Love blesses. On that breast,  
 So white, so full, and all so full of love,  
 To yield up life were sweet! And she upturns  
 Her eyes of gray, languid with lustrous fires,  
 And eloquent in mute meaning, but to seize,  
 But to devour with long and lingering look,  
 Her soldier and her lover.

But hark, the Phrygian band surrounds the house,  
 By Pharnabazus sent, in civic wile;  
 With foreheads low, and dirty matted hair,  
 And vulgar speech, and souls that crawl in craft  
 With cowardice mingled—an ill-favoured set.  
 Of all the crew—they were as ten to one—



No man dare meet the hero face to face ;  
Too well indeed they know the mighty arm  
Of him they come to kill. And wiselier thus  
The treacherous flame shall minister their will,  
For flashing steel is terrible to cowards.  
Fast speed the obedient flames on fatal work !  
The hero awakens, lighted by strange torch  
From dreams of love ; and round his manly arm  
Twisting his mantle, followed by his friend,  
And watched by eyes of love, with rapid stride  
Eager he rushes. Back the hirelings fall :  
Never a one might meet the living glance,  
The eye that spoke, the weapon that struck sure.  
Afar retreating, then the Phrygians hurl  
Their pointed darts of death : and so at last  
The son of Clinias falls—greater in death  
Than e'er in dubious life. Forgot his faults,  
A soldier and a gentleman he died.

She falls before those rude and brutish men :  
So fair her face, so full of prayers her tears,  
Even they may not deny her sole request—  
'T is only one—'that I with faithful care  
Might bury ALCIBIADES.'

T. H. GIBSON.



## PETTY PARNASSUS.

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THE other night, having by dint of considerable patience and perseverance accomplished the perusal of 'The Outlaw's Oath, and other poems,' by Mr. Timothy Camoens Milton Tomkyns, I took down an odd volume of 'The Spectator,' with the intention of reading a few pages in order to take the taste of the Tomkynsian Castaly out of my mouth; just as Mr. Sothern, I have been given to understand, is in the habit of reading Shakespeare aloud for certain hours a day, while performing Dundreary, that he may correct a tendency to talk Dundrearily in private life.

But I had clearly miscalculated the potency of Tomkyns's muse: for barely had I opened the volume (it was the seventh) of 'The Spectator' and cast my eye on the opening of the five hundred and twenty-fourth paper, when my mind 'gave way to the forcible Oppressions of Slumber and Sleep, whilst Fancy presented me with the following Vision.'

Methought I was but just roused from a Nap. The Place where I found myself was a large and spacious Plain, in the centre of which arose a lofty Mountain, whereof the summit was divided into two Peaks. Looking more intently at the Eminence, I became aware of a large number of People, who either clomb the sides or rested on the apex, or crown. While I was wondering within myself what this Mountain might be, I perceived standing beside me a Stranger of dignified aspect, who, seeing the bewilderment I was in, informed me that the Prospect which I was regarding was that famous Mountain of Parnassus whereof the Bards and Poets wont to sing. This News, you may be sure, set me agog to know more of the Mountain and of those that dwell there; for which purpose I hastened towards it to procure a nearer View, and make a closer Observation of what was passing within its Precincts.

Gazing with great Attention I perceived that there were two Figures reclining on the Summit, which was clothed with a thick carpet of asphodels. One of them, whose brows were bound with a wreath of Laurel, had beside him a butt of Xeres Wine. The other was reclining on a Block of marble, apparently a portion of a Frieze from some antique Ruin, for there was on it portion of an inscription wherein occurred



the word 'Italia.' He was looking up into the sky, listening to a Voice that seemed to be singing, as it were a Lark, at the Gate of Heaven—yet with such a touch of Sadness in its note as is always found in Music, since the great God Pan fashioned his pipe from the reeds in the River. About half-way up the Mountain I saw a Youth, who strode up the steep Side with as swift a pace as Atalanta herself, but was hindered as she was, not indeed by stooping to pick up an Apple of the Hesperides, but because coming upon a sort of Nymphs and Satyrs dancing in honour of The God of the Gardens, he loitered on his way to watch them. I was turning to consider other Groups of Travellers up the Hill, when my Attention was distracted by a violent Noise and Shouting on my left Hand. Turning in that Direction I beheld a piece of rising Ground, about half the height of Primrose Hill: and I observed great Clusters of People, who toiling and panting up the easy incline fell to thinking they had achieved Parnassus itself. And the whole Crowd of them was shouting and making a Clamour upon all kinds of Instruments. Yet at the same time I could see on close Observation that each sneered at his Neighbour, though he was well pleased with his own Noise. Having noted among Lunatics that this same thing occurs, and each is aware of the Madness of the others, but perceives not his own, I turned to the Stranger, who had accompanied me so far, and enquired whether these were Bedlamites holding a Concert. He answered me with a smile that it was not so; but that the Mound was Petty Parnassus, and its Occupants were the Poetasters, who believed their Hillock to be the veritable Parnassus. All this he had to shout into my Ear, it being quite impossible to make oneself heard otherwise for the Brangle that these People kept up with Drums, Trumpets, Banjos, and all kind of Instruments. There was one, I observed, who made a persistent dinging by striking upon a Butcher's Cleaver with the end of a Marrow Bone; but what was more laughable still was to watch the Antics of some, who mimicked the manner of the Poets on the Top of Parnassus, striking their Lyres in the same style, yet—owing to their Instruments being strung not with gold or silver Wire but with Grocer's Twine—with very different effect.

While I was considering their Folly, I became aware of a number of Persons who went about among the Performers, apparently collecting Money of them—as I guessed—for the Hire of the Instruments. On my referring the matter to him, my Guide informed me that these were Printers, Papermakers, and Publishers, who were the only Persons that made anything out of this Uproar; for that by putting Cotton Wool in their Ears they were enabled to go about and pouch their Profits without Inconvenience, and so were well pleased. It was a Weakness in me, I confess it; but being somewhat kindly disposed and feeling Pain to see so many worthy Folks labouring in such a Delusion, I took advantage of a passing Lull and addressed the Performers. They were

still, I told them, some Distance from Parnassus, and they would certainly never reach it until they had set themselves to learn the Rudiments of the Art of Music, so as to have a little Knowledge of the various Instruments on which they affected to play. At this they raised such an Outcry as put Slumber to rout, and one of them in his Rage flinging his Trombone at my Head I stooped to avoid the Blow and gave such a Nod in my Chair that I suddenly awoke.

Whether this vision—the combined effect of Tomkyns's poetry and The Spectator's prose—is prophetic or not I cannot say: but I am fully aware of the perils of plain-speaking in the matter of Petty Parnassus. Yet it is high time that something were done to stop that inundation of feeble verse, which overflows the tables of editors, and wearies the brains of critics, ere it finds its way to its last resting-place, the 'any-volume-in-this-lot-2d.' box of the second-hand bookstall. The critics possibly do not deserve much sympathy, since to a great extent they have brought the evil on themselves. There are so many books published nowadays that they cannot pretend to read a third of them, and they therefore only skim the 'poetry,' and hence we have but two styles of critique thereon: either the 'friendly' because someone has written 'if you can conscientiously give Tomkyns's poems a good word, do, there's a good fellow;' or the 'general,' which is of a favourable nature, because the critic is too honest to condemn a book he hasn't read, and forgets that it is quite as unjust to praise it—however faintly—under the same condition. Hence it is that no volume of 'poems,' no matter how worthless, can arrive at a second edition (and the poet has little vanity who won't go to that expense) without being able to give two or three pages of 'Opinions of the Press,' of a very favourable kind: 'a pleasing little volume'—'has the genuine ring about it'—'Mr. Emorenn possesses true poetic instincts'—'these poems deserve to be widely read'—'will establish their author's claim to a place in the front ranks'—and so on and so on, with stereotyped phrases, which intended to mean nothing—and meaning very little—with the original context, are made to mean a great deal when thus extracted and isolated. Indeed it must be an exceptionally severe adverse critique from which an experienced compiler of 'Opinions of the Press,' cannot quote something that will look like commendation. I can give an instance within my own experience to show how this can be done. In the notice of a new singer there occurred a passage to the following effect: 'If Miss A.—the *débutante*—wishes to acquire a style of singing at once graceful and popular she should take for her model Madame B., and not Miss C.'—a Music Hall songstress of the 'comique' order. This was shortly afterwards inserted among the 'Opinions of the Press' appended to a book of Miss C.'s songs, but inserted with a judicious omission, thus—'If Miss A. wishes to acquire a style



of singing at once graceful and popular she should take for her model . . . . Miss C.'!

I fear that fable about Keats's being killed by an unfavourable notice is answerable for much of the tenderness with which the critics handle the poetasters. And yet critics like surgeons must use the scalpel, and should not hesitate to cut, when to cut is to cure. If our friend Camoens Milton Tomkyns had been told plainly when he published his first 'poems' that he was as fit to write poetry as a child learning its notes is able to compose a Mass, he would by this time have become a useful member of society and we should have been spared the 'Outlaw's Oath.' And his case is the case of scores, who, knowing the rudiments of verse incompletely enough but being just able to scan, 'string ink on paper' (to use an expressive Yankeeism) in the shape of some hundreds of lines of blank verse, wherein the blankness is infinitely more perceptible than the verse, and then publish them, with a few additional 'poems,' chiefly remarkable for halting measure and Cockney rhymes. Away they go, bobbing along the stream of publicity, calling on everyone to 'see how we apples swim!' and the critics instead of exposing their mistake bid them good speed with a careless 'Go it, my pippins.'

Failing the critics, what other remedy have we? An Academy!—well, the working of an Academy has not proved so clearly and indisputably an advantage to Art that it would be a safe experiment to try with Literature. The publishers, who do not publish on commission, can do something to check the evil. The late Mr. Moxon was not to be prevailed on to allow his name to be associated with the writings of poetasters, and bitter were their murmurs in consequence, as I can remember, in more than one instance. Mr. Strahan, The Poet's Publisher of our time, appears to be equally determined not to suffer the 'hall mark' to be stamped on base metal, and it is to be hoped he will adhere to so good a resolution. Of course such restraints will cause some heart-burning. It is noticeable that the suppression of this kind of poetry tends to the secretion of bile. Mr. Disraeli's definition of critics, as men who have failed in literature and art, is somewhat too sweeping; but there is a good deal of truth in it nevertheless. The young gentleman, who under some *nom de plume* has for long delighted his little world in 'The Poet's Corner' of the 'Little Pedlington Gazette' comes up to London and thinks that the arrival of the Pedlington Poet will shake the Laureate on his throne; instead of which the Pedlington Poet is lucky if he himself manages to shake down into no higher a throne than a sub-editorship, with occasional chances of reviewing other people's poems.

And yet I suppose there are few wielders of the pen who have not at some time or other given way to the generous impulse—the last infirmity of noble minds—and made excursions to Parnassus. Not a few of them perhaps have, if only once in a lifetime, set foot on

the soil : one knows more than one writer who has written one poem. But these good fellows soon perceive that Parnassus is not for them, and that they have their bread and cheese to earn : so they have the grace to retire, and give place to others, whom they can view climbing the forked hill, without envy ; nor long to rush after them, as our friend of Poet's Corner does, to daub them with the paste, and stab them in the back with the scissors.

But the remedy ? you ask again. How are we to discourage the poetaster and encourage the poet ? It appears to me the remedy is simple enough. The mistake of the poetasters is that they confound the mere mechanism, *verse*, with the essence, *poetry*. Let the mechanical business be taught at our schools, let the lads learn to write English verse as they learn to write Latin verse. It is quite as easy to teach, I know from experience ; and when a boy knows what constitutes verse, it follows he must perceive the difference between verse and poetry, and will therefore appreciate the latter the more highly. For to the child that has not learnt its letters pothooks and hangers must seem like witchcraft ; whereas when it can write, it can see the difference between pothooks and hangers and a written sentence. And verse is to poetry what pothooks and hangers are to writing. If Camoens Milton Tomkyns had been taught verse he would never have published a volume of pothooks and hangers ; and if the thousand and one poetasters of the day were instructed by order of the School Board in the Rudiments of Verse, how astonished they would be to discover that they had been writing prose all their lives without knowing it !

Some may imagine that to teach people to versify will encourage them to write 'poetry.' I doubt it, having noticed—to argue from a parallel case—that the men who know most about the science of boxing are just the men who most seldom get into a row.

I once met an old Oxford acquaintance I had not seen for years, and on enquiring what he was doing, learnt that he thought he had got an appointment as Instructor of English in the Russian navy. Remembering that a mastery of foreign tongues had not in old days been his strong point, I asked if he was acquainted with Russian ? No ! With French ? No ! With German ? No ! 'But,' he added triumphantly, 'I know English, old boy !'

Now it is certainly an advantage for an Instructor of English to the Russian fleet to have a slight acquaintance with English, but there are other qualifications of equal necessity ; and although to be able to versify is not useless to a man who wishes to write poetry it is not the only requisite, as he will very speedily find out, and the more speedily for his knowledge of the mechanical nature of verse. For verse is purely form, and poetry is essence—verse is manner, and poetry is matter ; and the more thoroughly this is understood and taught, the sooner we shall be delivered from the swarm of poetasters—the flies



who won't get into the ointment, but buzz and flutter and tickle us into fury.

As I finish this paper, my eye rests upon a long row of little volumes occupying a shelf in my book-case. They are 'Bell's Poets of Great Britain, complete from Chaucer to Churchill,' published by him, near Exeter Change in the Strand, in the year 1779 or thereabouts. Ah me! who knows anything now-a-days about one half of them? Who reads King, or Parnell, or Garth, or Donne, or Hughes, or Malet, or Fenton, or Tickell, or Waller, or even the most modern on the list—Churchill? And yet forgotten as these are—some of them not undeservedly—there is not one of them who does not better deserve to be read than the clamorous crew of Petty Parnassus!

TOM HOOD.



## THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.

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THE Boat Race of 1871 will be more than usually interesting. If Cambridge can do that without Morrison which she did last year with him, she will have fairly broken the spell of Oxford success. The prestige of nine years' victories is shaken, but not dispelled by one defeat. The fact of Cambridge having won last will bring more people than ever to see the race this year. More swarms will be hanging to the chains of Hammersmith suspension bridge, more reporters will be scribbling on the steamers, more niggers will be singing on the banks, more light and dark blue ribbons will be fluttering in the carriages, and more money will be lost and won this year than ever was before. And where is all this to end? Is our University race really to become what 'the Gentlemen of the Press' are so fond of calling it—the Aquatic Derby? Heaven forbid! But it will be so in spite of us unless the powers that be take care.

The Cambridge Crew were first at Putney by some days: by April 1 they will have been nearly three weeks on the London water. Of late years both crews have spent much more time at Putney than they did formerly. Rowing on the deep London tideway is a very different sensation to pounding up and down the Cam and Isis, and the more of it a crew can have the better. Oxford have taken new quarters this year near the railway station. The time-honoured White Lion is deserted; and not a year too soon, as will be acknowledged by all who have experienced the hospitality of that noisy pothouse—

*Differtum nautis, cauponibus atque malignis.*

Cambridge are as usual at the Star and Garter. On the principle of first come first serve, we will take a look at the Cambridge men first, as they step into their boat for their first row over the course. As to their antecedents, where have they rowed, and with what success?

Follett, bow, steps in first: he is an Etonian fresh from the coaching of Warre: two years he has rowed in the Eton eight at Henley, it is needless to add successfully. Two is Close, the elder of two rowing brothers, who has won the pairs at Cambridge, has rowed stroke to a winning University four and trial eight: he has carried off the Diamonds at Henley, the Colquhouns at Cambridge. He is therefore



champion sculler of the Isis and Cam, and is perhaps the most successful oar in either crew. Lomax rowed in Close's winning boat in the University fours. Spencer rowed four last year against Oxford, and four he rows again. Lowe is a veteran: he rowed against Oxford so far back as 1868. Since then he has won nearly as much as Close. Twice he has won the University fours for Sidney, last year the University race, and once he has carried off the Colquhouns. Phelps is another of last year's crew. All the five after oars have beaten Oxford once. Randolph, seven, rowed bow in last year's crew, and has rowed in the Pitt Club boat, which was beaten for the grand challenge at Henley. Last and not least comes Goldie, the stroke. All the world knows that he it was who rowed stroke of the first Cambridge boat that beat Oxford for nine years. He also rowed stroke in 1869, and he won the Colquhouns last autumn, beating Close of Diamonds' celebrity. He began public life by rowing four in the Eton boys' boat at Henley in 1868. Since then he has rowed stroke of many boats at Henley and elsewhere; but, except in the Oxford and Cambridge race last year, without much success. Warner, the coxswain, has steered twice at Putney before.

Impertinent remarks on individual oars are permissible only to coaches; moreover, inasmuch as they are apt to be offensive to the subject of them and uninteresting if not unintelligible to the reader, we will refrain. The particular faults of each man will be duly chronicled in the daily papers, to which we beg to refer the reader

As a crew the Cambridge men are far above the average of University crews in the matter of weight and strength. There are no giants such as have been seen in the Oxford boats of some years past; but they are of fairly uniform weight, and do not vary much from the very high average of 12 stone 2 or 3 lbs. It is remarkable that they have no less than three successful scullers among them. It is seldom that the winner of University sculls is in the University crew; there probably never was a crew with three Colquhoun winners in it. In point of size, strength, weight, and prestige then, these same Cambridge men are as likely a crew to 'go' as any we have ever seen.

Now for the antecedents of the Oxford crew. Bow is Woodhouse, who has rowed twice before against Cambridge, once as bow and last year as six. In the Eton, University College, and Oxford Etonian boats of the last four or five years he has rowed many races and won most of them. He also was first choice out of, and would have rowed in, the Oxford four against Harvard in case of illness or accident to any one of that four. Giles, two, has not figured except in College crews and trial eights. Baker has rowed for two years as three in the Oxford boat. Malan is as yet new to fame. Moss rowed last year as four; he was captain of the boats at Eaton, and rowed for two years at Henley in the Eton eight. He has won the grand challenge in the Etonian club crew, and the University fours in the Balliol crew

twice. Payne rowed five in last year's crew. Bunbury was stroke of the Eton boys' eight at Henley in 1869 and 1870, and captain of the boats at Eton. Lesley is stroke; he comes from Radley, and has rowed for the steward's cup at Henley twice in an old Radleian four. Hall steered last year against Cambridge, and against the Harvard four in 1869.

The Oxford men are not deficient in weight. They average a pound or two more than their opponents, and consequently are an enormously heavy crew. Too heavy for speed, say some good judges; but it is not speed alone that wins over the Putney course. A heavy boat is apt to go as fast the last two miles as it does the first two, provided there are no shufflers. They have not been so fortunate as Cambridge in having a two-year old stroke. Lesley has only been rowing in his present place since Ash Wednesday. He and Bunbury have changed places more than once. But though Oxford have not an experienced stroke, they have had the advantage of having a president who could afford to give up his place in the boat to coach; and there can be no lack of good men if Benson's place can so easily be filled. Though they have only one Putney medal in the boat to show against their opponents' half dozen, they have many Henley trophies, so that in the matter of antecedents there is not much to choose between the two crews. There are no weak men in the Oxford boat, but there need be some very strong ones to pull along all they have to carry. It is probably the heaviest crew that has ever been sent to Putney: and their size corresponds with their weight. In their boat they even look bigger than they really are, as compared with Cambridge, owing to their sitting much higher in Salter's boat than the Cambridge men do in Clasper's. The difference in the build of the two boats is considerable; the Oxford boat is not altogether satisfactory, and another is under way building for them at the last moment. This is a great pity, if a mistake has really been made in the moulds of their new ship. It is late to begin building a new boat within three weeks of the race. Who is responsible for a mistake of this sort? Is it that in building for an exceptionally heavy crew Salter has got out of the beaten track and so failed? The whole subject of boat building requires ventilating, for very little is really known about the proper lines for racing boats. Our boat builders are not scientific men; they all build more or less by guess-work and rule of thumb, consequently sometimes produce a beast of a boat, nobody knows why. It would be a grand thing if some scientific person would tell us something of the principles on which racing boats' lines should be drawn. But this is a digression. To return to our crews. Which is going to win? This is the question every other person is asking just now; and one we must answer somehow. To arrive at any satisfactory conclusion as to the relative merits of the two boats, a great many hours must be passed on the tow-path and a great many observations taken. The results of a few hours so



passed and a few such observations we give for what they are worth ; though all we say here must be taken *cum grano salis*, for great are the changes a week's rowing at Putney may work.

When Cambridge rowed over the course for the first time on March 17 they were the most finished crew we have seen come to Putney. Their time over the course was fair but not fast. Their partisans were enthusiastic. To us they seemed to lack what, for want of a better term, we must call 'devil.' Not beginning, for that is a cant phrase and means nothing in particular ; nor length, nor strength, nor pace, for all three of these they had enough of. But it is still the Cambridge rowing of the last half dozen years ; improved, indeed, but not altered. The glaring faults of past years are gone, the result of good and systematic coaching ; but Cambridge will never be materially better than they are now. First-rate coaching may do much for them : much depends on the coaching they get in the next ten days.

They require something more than commonplace advice about reaching out, beginning, and such-like platitudes. The 'essence' of good coaching is the power to *make* men do what is wanted, the constraining influence of a superior will. All our greatest coaches have had this power : has Cambridge such a will at work this year ? At present they are a good crew, and will take a deal of beating. But excellence is relative, and unless they are better than the Oxford boat of 1871 it is no use their being better than those of other years, as indeed they are.

Oxford are potentially the better crew. Still more than Cambridge do they want care to make them all they should be. The difference between the Oxford and Cambridge boats is the difference between their strokes. The style of the two Universities is personified in Goldie and Lesley. They are both first rate, one perhaps as good as the other, but, we shall add with the Irishman, especially Lesley. The Oxford crew are rough and are not well together ; but 'devil' lurks behind that roughness or we are mistaken. Cried down by the papers they are sure to be ; but, readers, beware of the papers. They have rowed the course but once when this paper is printed, and then not quickly ; but they rowed the last half mile in a way that did one's heart good to see. Our advice, then, to our readers is : first, go to Putney and judge for yourselves ; secondly, stick to the '*Dark Blue*.'

R. C. MARSDEN.



# THE LAY OF THE SEVEN OARS.

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LISTEN! Lords of the sounding oar,  
 Where on meadow-margined shore  
 Shrine and spire of Gothic grace  
 Fall embowered o'er Isis' face;  
 Broken, where most broadly glassed,  
 By the boat-race flashing past:  
 List to the deeds of the doughtiest crew—  
 Famous deeds—less famed than true,  
 That ever dipped oar for the loved 'Dark Blue.'

Where at Henley's woodland brink  
 Silver-dimpling eddies blink,  
 Where the islet sees the reach  
 Broad'ning through the belted beech,  
 Twice ten years and seven ago,  
 On the Thames their oar-wake shone.  
 Short of an oar—their stroke-oar too,  
 For vict'ry they were not too few,  
 And I, who now sing of it, was there to view.

Talk of Thebes with her champions seven!  
 There the tug of war was even.  
 At each portal the chief who watched  
 Was with an equal hero matched.  
 The warrior bard<sup>1</sup> to fight at odds  
 Backed not even his demigods.  
 What would they have deemed of fate,  
 If her scales had borne unequal freight,  
 And the wall, kept by seven, been assailed by eight?

Hero names delight the muse:  
 Lowndes and Bourne and Royds and Hughes  
 Trimmed one pinion—the balance bore  
 Three, the worth and weight of four,

<sup>1</sup> The poet Æschylus, who fought at Marathon.



Brewster, Menzies, Cocks, but ranged  
 In places from their wont estranged ;<sup>1</sup>  
 For with anguished heart and throbbing head  
 Bold Menzies, the captain, lay pining abed ;  
 And Shadwell at the helm the forlorn hope led.

Brewster—honoured name and dear !—  
 Pressed in death a soldier's bier.  
 Well his noble form I knew,  
 The darling stroke of our college crew.  
 'Pull, you men !' was his cheery tone,  
 A merry Irish eye o'er his shoulder thrown.  
 Long since then, 'neath a southern sky  
 He led his riflemen lovingly,  
 But sapped his dear life, in his prime to die.<sup>2</sup>

A message reached the rival crew,  
 'Menzies is helpless, and we too few ;  
 Deign, in honour's name, to row  
 Seven to seven.' They would not so—  
 Answer unworthy oarsmen's fame !  
 That boat—but I'll not tell her name—  
 Any odds were offered on her.  
 So ours took her station, and gazing upon her  
 We said in our hearts, 'All is lost save our honour !'

<sup>1</sup> The striking feature of the race was not only that one oar was missing, and that the stroke that should have been, but that a considerable proportion of the crew changed their places on the spur of the moment in order to balance, or approximately so, the two sides of the boat. The real amount of this disadvantage perhaps only those who have rowed in an eight can truly measure. Thus, though the missing oar was Mr. Menzies the stroke (brother or cousin, I believe, of the one named in line 5), the place left ultimately vacant was the bow.—More fully given, the crew were as follows: No. 2, G. Hughes, Oriel; No. 3, R. Menzies, University; No. 4, E. Royds, Brasenose; No. 5, W. Brewster, St. John's; No. 6, G. D. Bourne, Oriel; No. 7, J. C. Cocks, Trinity; No. 8, R. Lowndes, Christchurch; Coxswain, A. Shadwell, Balliol.

<sup>2</sup> Captain Brewster of the 1st battalion Rifle Brigade. He served in the Kaffir war of 1852-3 and received the medal. There exposure and hardships brought on rheumatic fever, and, it is supposed, laid the foundation of mortal disease. When his battalion was ordered to the Crimea, he marched with it as far as Portsmouth, but was forbidden by the medical board to embark. He had the reputation of being one of the ablest adjutants and most popular officers of his time. For him and with him his men would do anything, and in bush-fighting against the Kaffirs he was very active in finding work for them to do. Being thus disqualified for foreign service, he became colonel of the Inns of Court Volunteers, who followed him to his premature grave in July 1864. His popularity at College was equal to that which he enjoyed in the army, as the present writer can testify. Besides his share in the seven-oared race he had formed one of the victorious crew in the Oxford and Cambridge boat race of the previous year, 1842.

Hark ! their blades in war-dance crash ;  
 Waters kindle at the flash.  
 Home each oar, from aft to fore,  
 Drawn like a cloth-yard shaft of yore,  
 All, in high-flown pride of feather,  
 Curl, and soar, and dive together.  
 Then what a storm of joyful fear  
 Bursts from our lips in a thunder-cheer,  
 For the ' Dark Blue ' is leading as the bend they near.

In her thoroughbred stride, like a rush of flame,  
 Whirling her water-fans, on she came.  
 Father Thames, beneath the roar,  
 Rocked in his bed from shore to shore.  
 The empty bow <sup>1</sup> the flag shot past,  
 Scantly won by a length at last !  
 Gallant Menzies felt his blood  
 Toss his heart like the troubled flood,  
 For he knew his men's music and it did him good.

Oxford, in whose laurelled shrine  
 Athens and Olympia shine,  
 Be thine oar's march ever such,  
 Thine the long-drawn water-clutch,  
 That spans the wave in stately time,  
 Like Great Tom heaving his vesper chime !  
 Though many a laurel thine—yet this,  
 The crowning flower of perfect bliss,  
 Thine oarsmen shall reckon their Salamis.

From the Thames their oar-track fades,  
 Other champions wield the blades ;  
 But on the flood of Time 'tis bright,  
 An ever broad'ning line of light.  
 In memory of their fame, I vote  
 We call the Great Bear the Seven-oared Boat,  
 To which to sink 'tis never given <sup>2</sup>  
 For what heroes ever in the stars of heaven  
 So well have earned a place as the glorious Seven ?  
 H. HAYMAN.

<sup>1</sup> See the note on stanza 4.

<sup>2</sup> οὐκ ἔστι δ' ἀμμορός ἐστὶ λοετρῶν Ἰλκεανόιο.—*Homer.*



## IN TOWN.

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AFTER the peaceful manner in which the German occupation of Paris passed off, everyone was prepared to congratulate the inhabitants on the admirable way in which they sustained their last and greatest trial, the instances of misconduct on their part being comparatively few in proportion to their number, fewer, we might fear, than would have been the case had the riff-raff of London been subjected to a similar ordeal. But our dreams of amendment on the part of the Parisian mob were doomed to speedy disappointment. Heavy as has been the hand laid on them, their chastisement seems unfortunately to have been insufficient as yet.

The reorganisation of Spain, which our 'advanced thinkers' *et hoc genus omne* hailed as such a grand work, seems to proceed with anything but the smoothness that was anticipated for it, and King Amadeus appears to be but too soon finding the proverbial uneasiness of the head that wears a crown. With such examples before us we cannot but congratulate ourselves that our own revolutions are of such an innocent character as may usually be compressed into a few sentences of 'Punch's' Essence of Parliament. The Arcadian delights of the county of Westmeath, though perhaps a little too *prononcés*, afforded much sport to the lions of debate from all parts of the House, especially below the gangway, and the collapse of the Government measure so far as regards secrecy of enquiry was in reality a triumph for Mr. Disraeli and his friends, though unattended with solid results. Then we have had the Army Bill debates, which have been very pleasant to read, and also instructive, in showing how many different conclusions the same people could come to in regarding the same question in different aspects.

The intellectual abilities of the young men who *did* go up for the open competitions for the Civil Service afforded a striking proof of our assertion, that high class minds were not to be had at the price, two-thirds of the candidates having been plucked in reading, orthography, and arithmetic, *teste* the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Much as has been said with a view to soften down the reported action of the members of the Stock Exchange in the case of the Russian loan,

and with singular disregard of truth, the fact remains that it was almost universally opposed. The indiscretion (to say the least of it) of introducing this loan at a time when the Conference was yet sitting, and when the intentions of Russia were utterly unknown, was very properly felt and resented by the members. Since this, the Conference has concluded its sitting, Russia has got her own way, and the loan has been subscribed—somehow.

We are very proud of our system of keeping our streets clean, which to do it justice does not often break down under the pressure of anything under an inch and a half of snow, but we have yet one or two little things to learn. In March we might naturally expect high winds, and, of course, dust. Who is responsible for sweeping, instead of watering, the leading thoroughfares at this time? It was recently our misfortune to walk along the Strand at about half-past eleven one windy morning. A number of persons were busily engaged in trying to sweep up the dust, &c., into a lot of little heaps which the wind seemed to take a malignant delight in scattering over the passers-by. Then the scavengers took shovels and endeavoured to throw the heaps into carts, as if in imitation of the ancient process of winnowing—the result may be imagined. But we ask again in sadness, ‘Who is responsible for all this?’

With one exception, the theatres afford little worthy of notice just now. Mr. Phelps is still admirable as Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, and Mr. Clarke’s astounding realisation of Quilp, not to mention Mr. David Fisher’s rollicking Dick Swiveller, redeem the dramatised version of the ‘Old Curiosity Shop’ from the fate it merits, in spite of the shameless absurdity of the apotheosis of the heroine in the concluding scene.

Probably one of the best pieces that have lately been produced is Mr. Albery’s ‘Two Thorns’ at the St. James’s. It is decidedly superior to his more successful ‘Two Roses,’ though possessing many and glaring faults. It is not surprising that a provincial company failed to command success with it on its former appearance under another title, as it requires good and careful acting, which it now enjoys. The intricacy of the plot, too, we fear requires more attention than ordinary playgoers are apt to give. If we except ‘Randall’s Thumb’ at the Court Theatre, with its supremely comic *dénouement*, there is really nothing else worthy of notice among the new pieces. A wicked wit observed the other day to us that he thought Mr. Toole’s reiterated expression ‘I am not happy’ must have been suggested by that gentleman’s having taken part in the preceding piece ‘Wait and Hope’ wherein an endeavour is made to sustain the interest by means of puns, as if in a burlesque. Good puns some of them, too, but sadly out of place. We look for better things at the Gaiety.

Mr. Gye is first in the field with a prospectus of the Italian Opera. Powerful as his company are in the matter of ‘stars,’ we fear that in representing such operas as ‘Don Giovanni,’ &c. where strength is



required in all the parts, the weakness of the background will be unpleasantly noticeable. We cannot help regretting the 'positively last appearance' of our old favourite Signor Mario, but are somehow or other reminded of the many 'farewells' of poor Grisi, and should not be surprised to hear 'More last Words of Mr. Baxter' advertised next season.

The private musical societies have as usual been busy with the commencement of the season, and the treat afforded to the subscribers to the Philharmonic Concerts of a Gounod concert, conducted by the great *maestro* in person, was calculated to excite the envy of the outside public who delight in music, which was allayed by the opportunity of hearing M. Gounod's music conducted by himself at the Oratorio concerts, where Dr. Ferdinand Hiller also received a well-deserved ovation.

After all the 'tall talk' we have heard about the Albert Hall, it would appear not to be the gigantic success, in one respect at least, that was anticipated. Many will probably recall the acoustic arrangements of the Greek theatre in Mr. Peacock's clever story of 'Gryll Grange' which, though admirable in theory, did not have that practical effect that was anticipated. There were of course plenty of excuses ready for the sad failure of the preliminary trial, but yet there is no doubt that the instance we have just quoted affords far too true a parallel. The International Exhibition would not appear to have taken any very strong hold on public interest. We suspect the thing has been overdone. Of course no one in his senses ever believed the extravagant ideas which claimed for these exhibitions the position of so many avatars of peace, and it is unnecessary to point to the conspicuous failures of the New York and Paris Exhibitions in this respect, even had weapons of destruction not formed a striking feature in the displays. The influx of pictures has been something wonderful, and the hanging committee, or whoever answer to them at Kensington, will probably have as arduous and invidious a task as their brethren at the Royal Academy, with an equal certainty of being well abused. We wonder if the disappointed artists will dispute the judgment of their censors again this year by challenging a comparison with their own works collected into one exhibition. While on the subject we would venture to express to the Committee our hope that the walls of the Academy will not be occupied to the former extent by portraits of illustrious nobodies. Of course the universal question in speaking of the coming Academy is 'What will Millais do?' We have heard great accounts of a picture by this gentleman, representing a fair somnambulist, candle in hand, and dressed, or rather undressed, in a *robe de nuit*, walking on the edge of a cliff, which will no doubt be one of the pictures of the season.

We ought not to forget to commemorate the royal marriage. It is not for us to take upon ourselves the duty which Mr. Tennyson so

persistently neglects, and indite an epithalamium, to say nothing of the fact that every possible compliment has already been paid the happy pair. We believe the scene at Windsor was impressive, but cannot speak from experience. As regards what we did see, the London illuminations, they were the poorest we ever witnessed, not coming up even to the level of the birthday displays.

There are connoisseurs and connoisseurs, and one of the most remarkable we have lately heard of is the expert who recently announced his power of identifying German female hair. Whatever may be the origin of the wonderful superstructures we see around us at evening parties, these unsubstantial fictions appear to sustain no abatement; and no wonder, too, considering the statistics of the human hair import trade we have lately been favoured with. How long is this to last?

But of all the extraordinary dictates of fashion, those which prescribe particular colours, whether suitable or not, are the most extraordinary. We see ladies wherever we go, no matter of what age or complexion, clad in bottle green: a little while ago it was brown, once mauve. What will it be next? The bottle green has not perhaps obtained quite so wide a circulation as its predecessors, but it is more than sufficiently plentiful. There is one case in which we can take delight in uniformity of colour; and that, need we say it, is in the display to which we look forward on the Boat Race day. Then, ladies, as much **DARK BLUE** as ever you like.





## OXFORD CHIT-CHAT.

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READERS of 'The Dark Blue' who have the inestimable good fortune not as yet to have opened Mr. Wilkie Collins's dramatic satire entitled 'Man and Wife' can hardly realise the measure of success with which that potent plot-weaver has attacked Athleticism. After all, he does but echo through the medium of fiction the energetically expressed sentiments of the late Dr. Daubeny, whose major premiss was half a century of observation of academic muscularity, whose minor premiss was a Zacchæan *physique* of his own. Perhaps the fallacy could be found latent in the minor, rather than the major, in the case of that learned professor. For the arguments advanced by Mr. Collins the nearest library should be consulted forthwith. It is impossible to acquiesce in their soundness; still *fas est et ab hoste doceri*. The hero-villain of the story is successively stroke-oar of his University boat, and champion runner in a race between the North and South. Ergo, argues the novel, he must be a brute, and may be appropriately manipulated into a murderer. Now imagine the feelings with which an emotional young lady, just fresh from such tri-voluminous teaching, will regard the manly forms of Messrs. Goldie and Lesley at Putney—if you can. Quite irrespective of all minor considerations as to strain on wind and muscle, he is improvident of reputation who handles a stroke-oar. Cain seems graved on his brow. Seven we presume is less criminal: perhaps forgery would be more his *métier*. Six again might, if brought to justice, escape with seven years. Thus the sins of the boat would graduate to bow, who might be convicted of no more than a modest breach of promise of marriage. Who, then, we ask, can possibly desire the barren disgrace of thus energising on behalf of his University? *Pace* Mr. Collins, for the honour of Cam and Isis, the answer is ready. Most men—all men of manly blood assuredly—these sixteen Englishmen are worthy of honest envy. It is well to be first in one line, although of course better to be first in two or three, and best to be good all round. Let us summon as witnesses my Lord Bishop of Lichfield, and the [present head-masters of Malvern, Eton, and Winchester. This doctrine may seem to savour too strongly of Dark Blue. It will however bear the closest investigation. Nay, more, it has stood the test of experience. Our recent

academic history proclaims the wholesome fact that those colleges which gain the highest intellectual honours show also the best average on the river, in the cricket-field, and in the fives-court. Nor does the *corpus sanum* brutalise the *mens sana*. We have known oarsmen to be admirable singers, graceful dancers, skilled instrumentalists. The great ruck of Oxford rowers take holy orders, and very soon develop the common clerical faults, one of which is not by any means a lack of polish. Mr. Collins attempts to prove the truth of his most unreal conception of a University oarsman by quoting 'The Times' on the fracas in the theatre at the Commemoration of 1869, and the burning of the Christ Church statues, but he fails to establish the fact that one single boating man had hand or voice in either of those scandals. The real inference from his data is, not that the river is degrading, but that authority goes the wrong way to work with impulsive 'natures. Never was there a mutiny which was caused by the mutineers. The officers are the right men to be called to account.

This year's race ought to be—will be—superb. At either seat of learning there is latent a wholesome stock of self-sufficiency. Oxonians are perhaps the more inclined to believe in their success, from the gigantesque quantity of bone and muscle which goes to form their crew. It may be our vanity; it may be the result of memories; but we cannot bring ourselves to imagine how such an eight can lose on the Putney water. They are large, grand men, and as we write are by no means in bad form. Mr. Bunbury commands greater confidence as number seven than he succeeded in gaining as stroke. Mr. Lesley is worthy of the post of honour. As for the ship's company, satire growls that they look prettier in a photograph, or on the bank, than afloat. Let the critics have their say; words do not stop the way of the boat. *Apropos* of the racing boat, by the bye, Messrs. Salter's art workmen have built her of a size equal to eight engines, and a feather. For the more accurate information of the anxious engineer, it may be added that she is registered A1, copper-bottomed.

The month of March has seen our torpid races. The torpid racing-boats are for the most part manned by junior aspirants after aquatic honours. Every college, including infantine Keble, has its torpid. The weather was perfect, and the attendance of spectators very large. Old Trinity men will rejoice to learn that their crew bumped five times in succession, ending third on the river. Christ Church and University contributed excellent crews, whilst Magdalen deserves a word of encomium for three bumps. There is abundance of healthy material among the rising generation of Bosporee. Matter, however, as we learn from our logic books, does not always shape itself at once to correct form. In one or two of the less practised torpids slightly eccentric performances might be noticed even by the most unobservant. 'What a fearful amount of exertion number eight in that boat is undergoing!' gasped a fair witness of a certain torpid. She gave utterance doubtless



to fact. 'Number eight,' by which it is needless to add she meant 'bow,' was wriggling, attitudinising, gyrating like a Frenchman. You might have imagined him to be pulling by his own unaided muscularity, not eight, but eighty sitters. In former years it was *de rigueur* for at least one torpid to capsize. Not as a joke. Oh no! Isis in March is much too cool for that sort of sportive experiment. Simply because some item—possibly number eight—elected to catch a crab. Since those primeval days of torpidity Oxford has progressed. We may have our contortionists, but they are not wild enough to be dangerous. There is no need now to label the worst of the torpids 'Keep this side up!'

In spite of races, and royal marriages, and other mundane delights we must not forget that it is Lent. Many and potent have been the discourses delivered, and the preachers address audiences alike attentive and appreciative. At St. Mary's Dean Stanley preached a sermon of rare pictorial merit. It is reported *in extenso* in the current number of 'The Undergraduates' Journal,' and is well worth an investment of sixpence. Alas! the solemn lessons of the Church's gravest season have been painfully enforced by the deaths of three junior members of the University. Christ Church, New, and Worcester Colleges are in mourning, whilst more than one murmur of indignation may be heard at this—we hope—the *last* harvest of defective drainage. The incredible parsimony of the city, and the stolid conservatism of the University have combined to foster pollution, till even the supineness of Government has felt the responsibility of interference, and something is to be done.

To descend from matters serious to questions ecclesiastical—Mr. Voysey's case, although that gentleman is an Oxonian, has excited but feeble interest in the University. *Per contra*, the Purchas judgment has affected every common room. This is easily accounted for. Practically there are no Low Churchmen in Oxford. Oxford mixture may be defined as the pepper of 'the Broad' blent with the salt of 'the High.' Now the major portion of the High party are incensed, and the Broad Churchmen by no means pleased, with the tightening of a system already too narrow to fit their expansive consciences. It is rumoured that the bishop of the diocese intends to treat the judgment as a cipher. At all events his ritualist clergy mean to show fight. They will not stultify their past by deposing vestments assumed on principle. As for the position of the celebrant, the ruling of Lord Hatherley is viewed angrily by many who dislike vestments, incense, and every accessory of the Mass. In short, matters have at last come to a deadlock. And the only possible solution of the difficulty is to be sought in Convocation. Ritualists must obey the spoken voice of their Church. If her Majesty will give the Convocations of the two provinces opportunity for joint legislation these questions will be settled finally. The responsibility ought to rest with the Church. Make the Church bear

it, and, so far as externals are concerned, we shall have uniformity, if not unanimity.

Talking of clergy, there is a fragment of news going, which may interest them. Who has not heard of that peculiar species of harpy known as the Clerical Agent? Through such instrumentality not only have gross scandals arisen, but, worse still, harmless men have been plundered shamelessly. Perhaps Parson Square has become Vicar of Round. Conscious of his unfitness for that particular post, he desires to exchange. Agent offers him the Rectory of Quadrilateral—just the very thing—and so the exchange is arranged. Parson Circular, rector of Quadrilateral falls in with the notion, and the upshot of the negotiation is that it becomes somehow, through the agent's dexterity, tainted with simony. Either man is forced to pay heavily; and should there be a whisper of *vendetta*, there is the threat of prosecution for this strange ecclesiastical offence, provable by the wording of some careless letter, written to the confidential agent in confidence. Worst of all, the sufferers not merely have to endure extortion, they are liable to demands for hush-money to their dying day. To come to the point. These evils being acknowledged, and fair play for those who desire to keep within limits of the law being something more than a *desideratum*, a society has been formed in Oxford for the transaction of all necessary ecclesiastical business. This society is in the hands of gentlemen, and being remote from London, and courting the criticism of a great clerical centre, is likely to prove a decided boon to Vicar Square, Rector Circular, and parsons and patrons generally.

From Oxford ecclesiastical to Oxford musical the transition is easy, inasmuch as what little music exists in the place grows out of the college choirs. The Philharmonic Society gave their usual Lent oratorio in the Corn Exchange—a very first-rate concert-room acoustically and atmospherically—chorus respectable—boys to pull the women through would be an improvement—orchestra so so. A performance is announced of the 'Männergesangverein'—Oxford, not Leipsic. Madame Norman Neruda and Mr. Hallé delighted a more than enthusiastic audience in the Town Hall, which (as it was freezing) was carefully 'draughted' for the occasion by civic malevolence. Are the medical profession in collusion with the corporation? Lastly, Mr. Hamilton Clarke of Queen's, aided by his wife, performed some of his own compositions satisfactorily in the Holywell room. This is the sum of our March music, saving and except of course the anthems in various chapels. *À propos* of anthems, Christ Church men of twenty years back can frame but a faint idea of how much the cathedral service has improved during the reign of Dean Liddell. It is said, too, that the restored cathedral will contain some small amount of resonance. For the size of the building more trebles are required, and the addition of a few good amateur men's voices would fortify the chorus. The old choristers used to take servitorships. Now, we presume, they



are, in justice, offered exhibitions. If so, it would seem a pity not to give away these exhibitions for musical proficiency. That at least is as meritorious as favour or interest. A strong choir would thus be secured, at all events in term time. New College have collected a really effective body of voices, but we do not think that the end justifies or even palliates the means used to obtain this result. Wykeham left a thumping legacy to feed so many priests and quiristers. In the Roman Catholic days these priests occupied an enviable position. What with salaries superior to those allotted to the senior fellows, and perquisites in the shape of fees for Masses for the dead, they thrived. The Reformation did not alter the constitution of the choir. Ritual only changed. The foundation remained as of yore. Nevertheless Protestant honesty regarded by the sober light of subsequent facts, does not show to advantage. The priests being at the mercy of the fellows—for visitors have ever been Gallios in supineness—became, as cycles rolled on, poor, poorer, very poor. Yet the musical qualification continued, and one of the later priests was no less a man than Mr. Havergall, the composer. Poverty brought contempt in her train. The fellows, and especially the clerical fellows, began to stamp on these ordained brethren of theirs. They ejected them from college privileges in defiance of the letter and spirit of statutes. They heaped upon them insults petty and unmerited. Some in consequence resigned in disgust. Others, and gray-headed men too, held on from force of habit, or in hopes of a day of righteousness. That day never came. The University Commission refused to listen to grievances. Their function was to destroy, not to reform; so they handed over the priests to the tender mercies of their foes, who turned them out of the gates forthwith, proving thereby the words of the old adage, 'that a college has not a soul to be saved or a body to be kicked.' Next the college tried the experiment of choral scholars—an experiment of brief duration, which was quashed by a jest. 'What,' it was asked, 'is the precise significance of the term choral scholar?' 'None,' replied a wag 'for they are not choral, and they are not scholars.' The end of all this shuffling of the cards—if it be the end—is a system which produces creditable results so far as music goes. Well-salaried lay clerks take the men's part in the chapel service, whilst in lieu of the old set of chorister boys, who were taught classics with a view to a subsequent University education, the college has suppressed its school, being content with the sons of artisans. Such is the story of New College choir. Let Archbishop Manning point the moral. Its tale is one needing no adornment.

In brilliant relief to Wykeham's foundation, Waynflete's larger-hearted college is pre-eminent for liberality to chorister boys. Like New College, Magdalen was endowed with a school for the children of her choir. One of the last acts of the great theologian president, Dr. Routh, was to revive the college school on the scale designed by the

founder. Every Oxonian knows Magdalen School. But not all are aware of its unparalleled success. It educates about one hundred and fifty boys; and since the election of its present head master has obtained—in proportion to its numbers—a fuller average of fellowships, scholarships, and other honours than any school in the kingdom.

There is a great dearth of gossip worth recording. It is said that there is to be a guild of art workmen established in Oxford, to combine the advantages of a club with a school for design, and prizes for excellence—Mr. Ruskin, of course, to be its head centre; Mr. Tyrwhitt and other amateurs of eminence to join on terms of equality. The dons seem tolerably puzzled to know how to deal with Dr. Temple's white elephant, the unattached student. He is a quiet, ruminant animal, but the responsibility of his well-being presses on the minds of his keepers. The office of Librarian to the Taylor Institution is vacant. Required a perfect knowledge of all modern languages, salary 150*l*. We ask, 'Is it possible?' How many thousands per annum does the University draw, and what is the average surplus funded—simply funded? Perhaps, however, the odd money is wanted for dons, perhaps for drains. It is certainly not easy to arrive at. The other day a small sum was required for St. Mary's organ. Dr. Stainer—who by the by has written a glorious anthem, entitled 'Lead, kindly light'—made an appeal for a few pounds. Of course there was a difficulty raised. Congregation do not like the sound 'St. Mary.' The exterior of the old church has cost a pretty penny, and the interior remains in a state of Georgian barbarity. Can nothing be done towards restoration? Dean Liddell is supposed to be architecturally minded, and is now at the head of affairs. As doubtless he has the good taste to peruse 'The Dark Blue,' perhaps the hint may not be lost. One subscription list would suffice.





## UGONE: A TRAGEDY.<sup>1</sup>

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THE gifted author of 'Ugone' tells us in his 'Apology' that the main portion of this drama is based on fact, and further that the characters are sketches from life. This statement finds an echo in almost every scene of the poem, for it is no exaggeration to say that nowhere in this drama do we meet with that unnaturalness and utter improbability of incident which mars so much the development of plot in so many of our recent dramas, and that everywhere we find the *dramatis personæ* not merely speaking a language most consistent with their character as presented by the poet, but acting in a manner consistent with the natural conditions of the circumstances in which they are supposed to be placed. The terrible tale of this tragedy may be told in a very few words. Ugone Bardi, a Milanese, poor in purse but rich in the inheritance of good blood and princely qualities, 'a king of men,' loves and is beloved by Adelaide, the daughter of an English nobleman resident in Milan. Count Rocco Fiore plots with success to blast the character of the favoured Ugone, and even to destroy his sister and brother, and meets, as he deserves, the death punishment due to his 'multiplying villainies' at the hands of the man upon whom and upon whose family he had perpetrated a long series of crimes of the deepest dye.

From the merits of the poem before us we are induced to place a high value on the poetical abilities of the author—although, for reasons which we shall detail, we cannot accept his dramatic poem as even a second-rate drama, notwithstanding the dramatic power almost everywhere visible in it, for almost every scene of it thrills us with terror or melts us with pity. Power is the special characteristic of Mr. Armstrong's poetry, and the skill to chasten, to subdue, to husband, and to subordinate to the highest purposes of art that most essential of poetical gifts is the special weakness of his muse. The powerful current of his poetry is not the majestic might of the calm, broad, deep river which flows on, reflecting on its placid bosom the overhanging beauty of the heavens and the surrounding brightness of the earth, but it is the unrestrained and impetuous strength of the mountain

<sup>1</sup> By GEORGE FRANCIS ARMSTRONG, B.A. London: Moxon.]

torrent stream overflowing its banks and sweeping away in its resistless deluge every object that it meets. It is in vain that we look into this intensely absorbing poem for that harmonious union of strength and repose, of simplicity and sublimity, of calm grandeur and tumultuous passion, which go to make up the excellence of the highest form of tragedy. Mr. Armstrong evidently admires 'the grandeur of the self-restraint of the most ocean-minded of English poets.' Now, there is no sincerer form of admiration, and no higher mark of homage which can be paid, than that of imitation, and on this account we recommend Mr. Armstrong to study well and to imitate the 'self-restraint' of the greatest of all dramatic poets. Two other faults, akin to this we must notice; the excessive length of the play, and the excessive amount of needless verbiage in occasional passages, which we equally trace to want of 'self-restraint.' Mr. Armstrong must learn the necessity of the 'labor limæ' if he is sincerely anxious to do the fullest justice to his own great and original powers as a poet of no mean order.

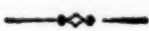
We think our author would do well to avoid such Latin forms of our language as 'fructifying ducts,' and 'the *revivification* of our acquaintance,' [and to stick more closely to that marvellous Saxon element which is so capable when well handled of touching our sympathies and winning its way to our apprehension. He should also avoid, we think, such parlance of the counter as the description of a lady's dress as 'quite a new thing,' and such sporting metaphors as when he speaks of Hell *bagging* souls. Occasionally, too, our poet rushes in his impassioned fervour from one image to another, utterly incongruous, if not absolutely inconsistent, rather to the amusement of the reader, whose deepest feelings are supposed to be appealed to by the poet. This fault is expressly notable in the speech of Ugone to his inamorata, where he tells her that for her sake his soul will be inspired by the divine breathings of the Lord's Prayer, which teaches us to forgive them that trespass against us, while in the very next breath the good Christian becomes a very pagan and tells his lady-love that he adores her as his *Dian*!

Whatever the faults of the poem, it bears notwithstanding the undoubted impress of genius, as none will doubt who feel the pulse of poetry in their blood. The love scenes between Adelaide and Ugone are pervaded with the highest and purest inspirations of passion, and the last scene, where Adelaide dies in the arms of her lover, reaches the height of intense tragedy, and reveals a degree of power on the part of the poet rarely equalled by the most popular poets of the day even in their best passages.



# THE LIFE & TIMES OF HENRY, LORD BROUGHAM.<sup>1</sup>

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.



ALTHOUGH in the venerable author's latest directions touching this work it is spoken of as an 'Autobiography,' we think the term is hardly, at least as regards the volume now before us, an appropriate one. The work might with more propriety have been described as 'Memorials of the late Lord Brougham, edited by himself.'

The life of Henry Brougham, extending as it did over a longer period than that usually allotted to man and through some of the most stirring times in British history, could not be other than an interesting one, even had its subject not been so intimately connected, as he was, with the political and literary history of his times. When, however, we have the life of one who took such a prominent part in nearly all the important events of his time placed before us by himself we are doubly interested.

The present volume embraces the earlier part of Henry Brougham's career, before his brilliant political successes had raised him to the height of fame. To the historical student the later volumes will probably prove more valuable, but there is much in the present one that will probably interest the general reader more than the records of Brougham's later days. The memorials of his childhood, written by his mother, are very curious, showing the acuteness of his perceptive powers, even in his earliest days, and the desire for universality which marked him when a mere boy. His journals of his early travels show the same features in a yet more marked degree. It is strange to observe the extreme distaste for the trammels of the legal profession which appears at one time to have animated his restless intellect, and to compare it with the remembrance that his greatest triumphs in reality took their rise from the opportunities given him by that profession, and with the anecdote which he tells of himself, as a mere boy, proclaiming himself as the 'Lord Chancellor.' That vanity which, we may almost say, gave birth to this work, and that extreme restlessness of disposition which was his other most notable characteristic, were well shown in the wild pranks of his student life, which the old man evidently dwelt upon with something of the spirit which caused the

<sup>1</sup> Volume I. William Blackwood & Sons.

sedate Justice Shallow to call to memory how he had heard the chimes at midnight.

One of the episodes in Brougham's career, on which he dwells at much length in this volume, is the establishment of the 'Edinburgh Review,' to his work upon which periodical no small amount of his subsequent success was doubtless due. The history of the celebrated 'blue and yellow' is calculated to interest the literary student as much as anything in the whole book. The discrepancy between his account and the well-known one by Sydney Smith of its birth is very singular, although not altogether irreconcilable, and it is not easy to divest ourselves of the idea, from the tone in which he speaks of Sydney Smith throughout, that that reverend, or rather irreverent, joker must have occasionally let off some sarcasms displeasing to Brougham's notorious vanity.

After this we come to the journal of a continental tour, written with the same observant power as that of his earlier journeys, and displaying in the same marked manner his critical acumen on every subject, now matured by the work of the 'Edinburgh Review.' Not long after his return he made his first start in active political life, having been appointed as secretary of a mission to Portugal. From this epoch to the conclusion of the volume, a period of about six years, the history of himself and his times is told in a series of letters, chiefly interesting to the historical student from the light thrown by them on the intrigues of the two great parties in the State. The memorable election of Lord Grenville for the Chancellorship of the University of Oxford in 1809 was welcomed by Brougham as the death-blow of 'No Popery' and the foundation of Liberalism 'even' in Oxford. A few months after the apostle of Liberal principles was elected member for the rotten borough of Camelford! Still, however, it is but fair to say that he seems to have been far from satisfied with this position, and to have only been deterred by the expense which accompanied such a proceeding in those days from appearing as the popular candidate for a larger borough.

As might be expected in the case of a work compiled at such an advanced period of life, there are many inaccuracies in the present volume, one of the most noteworthy of which is Brougham's having taken his juvenile translation of Voltaire's 'Memnon' for one of his own original works. His express directions to his executors that the work should not be submitted to any editor have operated very prejudicially in this and other instances, such as in the case of many of the proper names referred to.

It has been justly said that the writer of an autobiography must be possessed of inordinate vanity, and Brougham was evidently no exception to the rule. An autobiographer cannot be a Boswell, but in proportion to the excess of that vanity he will approach more nearly to the standard of that prince of biographers by seeing something worthy of note even in his most trivial actions.



## MR. WEATHERLY'S POEMS.<sup>1</sup>

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VERSEMAKING is so notoriously a failure, no less than a failing, among young men at our Universities, that an undergraduate's volume of poems is usually received with very just misgivings. Mr. Weatherly has, however, succeeded in putting forth a book which, had it been pruned down to one half its size, would probably have been famous, and which has, even at present, attracted far more than an average share of notice.

'Muriel, the Sea-King's Daughter,' is based on Andersen's delightful story 'The Little Mermaid;' and we intend no slight praise in saying that the tale gains by its adaptation. The metre, blank verse strongly resembling the style of parts of the 'Princess,' is handled with a skill very unusual in so young a man.

And yet we cannot lay our hand upon it and say confidently 'the man who wrote this will be a great poet.' The plot is a borrowed one, and has undergone little alteration or expansion. To alter or expand it after the manner of Tennyson and Morris would, we take it, have been in this instance a decided mistake. But by this very fact we are left ignorant whether Mr. Weatherly has the power of originating a poem of any length, with incident, character, light and shade, developed and sustained. That, encouraged by his success in 'Muriel,' he will hasten to take the measure of his capability in this respect we venture to hope: to the result we shall look with more than ordinary interest.

We pass to the minor poems. It has been already said that Mr. Weatherly would have done well to reduce the size of his book by one half. It is doubtless hard to resist publishers' importunities for a thick volume, and still harder to keep a wise restraint on that excessive tenderness with which young poets regard their productions. And so we find in this book a number of pieces far inferior to the rest. Many are without plot, object, or climax—simply sketches, and not even good as sketches; almost all of them are in that short limping measure, part anapaest, part iambic, which, because it never has been and perhaps never can be written with success, is by a strange fatality so

<sup>1</sup> *Muriel, and other Poems.* By FREDERICK EDWARD WEATHERLY. Oxford: Thos. Shrimpton & Son; London: Whittaker & Co.

dear to youthful versifiers. However, we are glad to see that all or nearly all were written some years back.

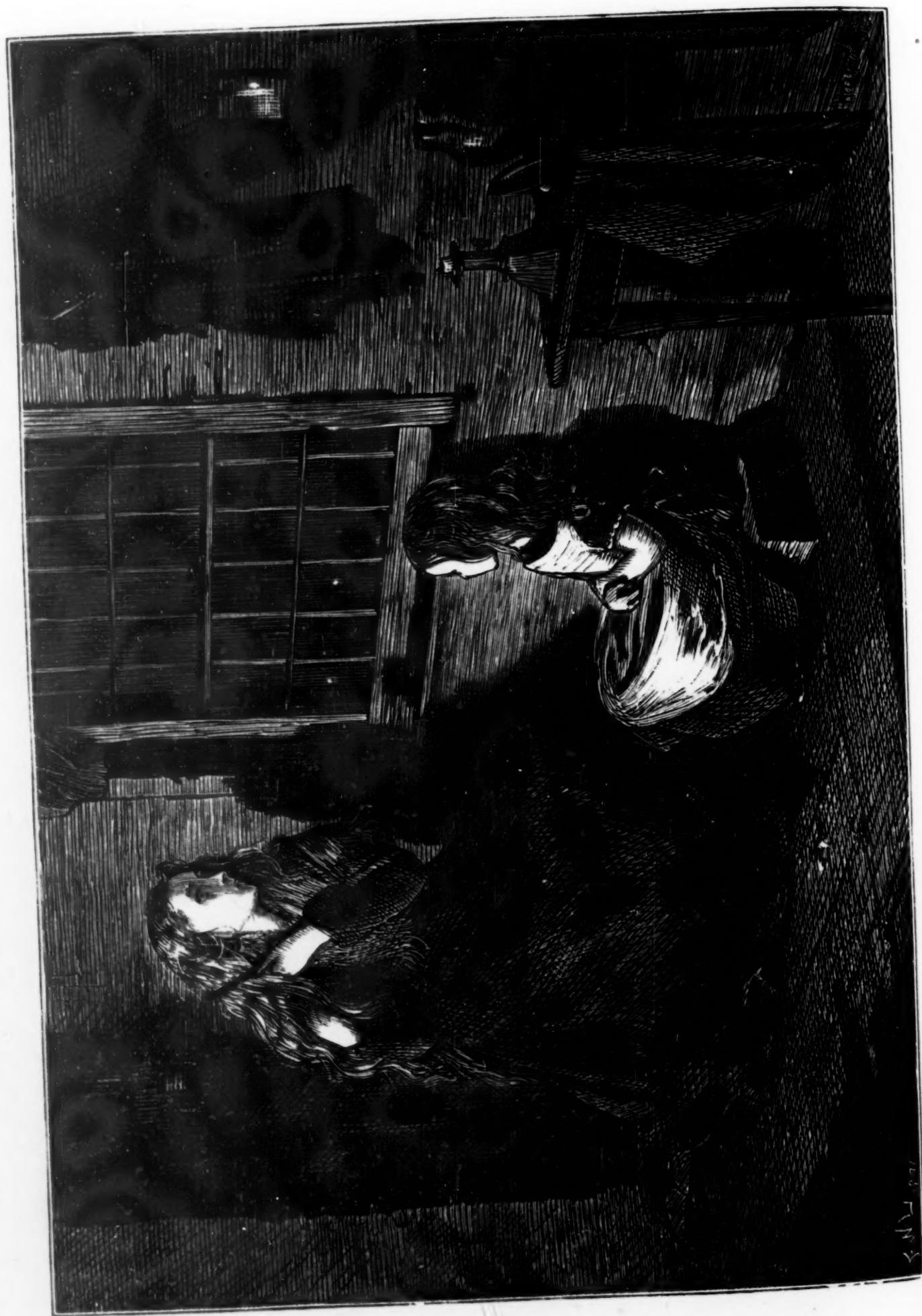
But there is one of the 'Early Poems' which stands in striking contrast to these. 'Gone Home on New Year's Eve' is the story of a husband's desertion told by a starving woman, sitting on a doorstep, to her starving child; as she is concluding it, the child dies. The piece is simple in the extreme, and yet we know no more pathetic ballad in the language. Well recited, it would produce on almost any audience an effect positively painful. We do not care to mar the poem by quotation; but we conscientiously assert that it ought by itself to make its author's name.

Among the remaining pieces we especially like the companion poem 'A Last New Year's Eve,' 'Le Roi est Mort, Vive le Roi,' 'A glimpse of Sunlight' and 'The Lady Isobel' (both imitated from Tennyson), 'Shadows,' and the Songs for Mr. Roeckel's new cantata of Fair Rosamond: indeed the last are really exquisite. Mr. Weatherly's skill in metrical form is very noticeable; but he should not neglect the beautiful class of metres so successfully cultivated by Swinburne and O'Shaughnessy. And let him be always convinced that the shapes of his thoughts are original before committing them to print; one or two echoes from well-known authors, which he has doubtless long since detected and regretted, have crept into his volume. There are also some of those minutiae of style which need so constantly to be corrected in young poets—the too frequent use of the auxiliary 'do,' of French and Latin refrains, of the ejaculations 'Ah! God,' 'Ah! Christ,' and the straining after archaic and unusual forms such as 'miserie,' 'Christobel,' 'Isobel,' and the absolutely ungrammatical 'afterawhiles.' Finally, let him essay higher subjects and a higher treatment of them.

A young Oxford man of our acquaintance submitted some of his verses not long since to one of the great poets of the day. 'I want,' he was told, 'to find more weight in your work both of style and matter; but you must remember that I was to say all I thought of this poem, and I assure you that I think it quite good enough (considering the circumstances, which must be considered in such cases) for me to have said nothing but praise of it. I am anxious to see more of your writing, and have no doubt that you will do better things (though this is good, I repeat) if you look at matters steadily and seriously, and do nothing but what you like very much yourself.' Every word of this will hold good for Mr. Weatherly. We feel that he *can* do 'better things' even than the best in the pleasant volume before us. If he *will* we do not care to conceal our opinion that a very bright future is before him.







'LOST.'

DRAWN BY F. W. LAWSON.